

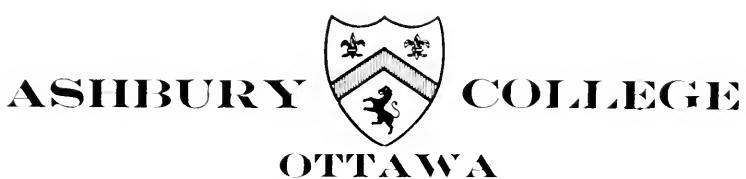
1975

THE ASHURIAN



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THE ASHBURIAN



VOLUME 59

1975

ASHBURY COLLEGE
Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada

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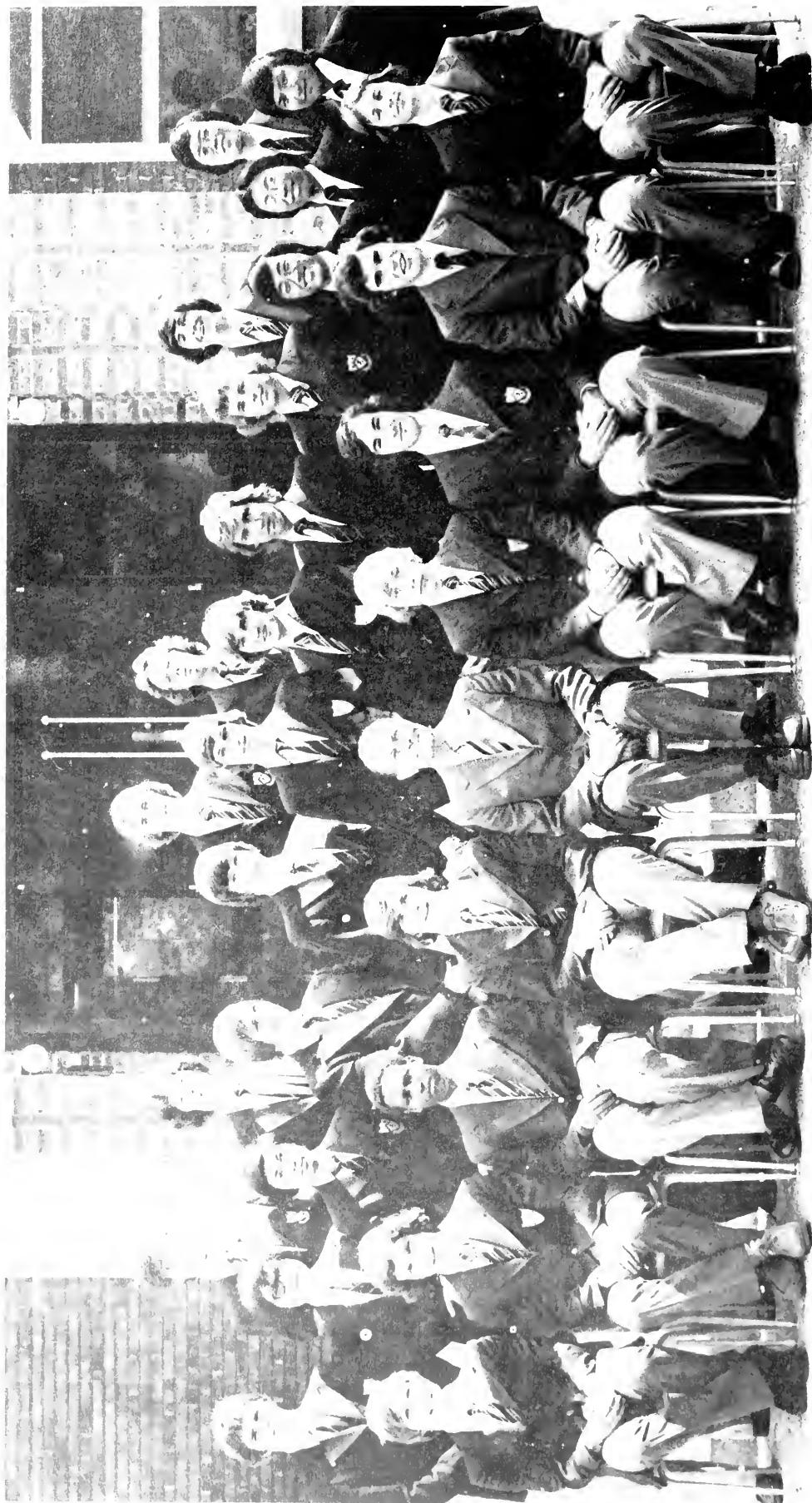
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Congratulations and

Best Wishes To

THE 1975 GRADUATES.

RON, DON, & JOHN PATERSON



ASHBURY COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASS — 1975

Photo by John Evans Photography Ltd.

GRADUATING CLASS

First Row: (Left to right): Peter Wilson, Steven Rigby, Michael Moore, Claude Pardo (Head Prefect), Mr. W. A. Joyce, Hugh Christie, Ian Bleackley, David Leigh, Peter Johnston-Berresford.

Second Row: Leslie Zunenshine, Oliver Hui, Si-Ming Yeung, John Jackson, Christopher Friesen, Robert Sirotek, Stewart Gray, Lue Desmarais, Don Symington, Goodwin Yuen, Bernard Wong, Thomas Kong.

Third Row: Brian McCordick, Jeff James, Sandy Brown, François Bélanger, Frank Mulock, Robert Tai.

Fourth Row: Olive Thurston (headmaster's secretary).

Absent: Drew McDougall, Douglas Clark.



Peter Wilson

THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONNECTION

Front (left to right): Jorge Balderrama, Salomon Reyes, Rommel Hernandez, Francisco Durazo.

Back: Rodrigo Samanigo, Fernando Mingo (Chile), Mr. Bellware.



Above: Claude Pardo puzzles over a problem.

Below: All that extra work pays off!



Above: Luke Cage and friends.

Below: Hugh Christie gets with the beat.





Goodwin Yuen, Stewart Gray and Sandy Brown discuss the meaning of life.



Doug Clark and Leslie MacMillan

Photos by Peter Wilson

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Captain of the School

CLAUDE PARDO

Captain of Connaught House

DAVID LEIGH

PETER WILSON

Captain of Woollcombe House

HUGH CHRISTIE

STEVEN RIGBY

Prefects

H. CHRISTIE

M. MOORE

D. LEIGH

P. JOHNSTON-BERRESFORD

S. JAY

M. MOORE

S. RIGBY

P. WILSON

Captain of Football

CLAUDE PARDO

HUGH CHRISTIE

Captain of Hockey

I. K. BLEACKLEY

Captain of Soccer

PETER JOHNSTON-BERRESFORD

BRIAN McCORDICK

Captain of Skiing

BLAKE FINNIE

Captain of Curling

MICHAEL LYNCH-STAUNTON

ACADEMIC STAFF — 1974-1975

Headmaster:	W. A. Joyce, B.Sc. (University of Manitoba), Physics and Public Speaking.
Assistant Headmaster:	J. J. Marland, B.Sc. Dip. Ed., (London), Head of Department of Mathematics Senior Mathematics.
Director, Junior School:	M. H. E. Sherwood, M.Ed. (University of Massachusetts), B.A. (Carleton). English and Latin.
Chaplain:	The Reverend E. E. Green, B.A. (Toronto), L.T.L., B.D. World Religion and Public Speaking.
Teaching Staff. (in alphabetical order):	
R. J. Anderson, Army P. T. School — Director of Athletics.	
G. W. Babbitt, C.D., RCN. Carleton University. Junior School. English and English Literature.	
Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, 1st Class Teachers' Licence (N.B.). Junior School. Mathematics.	
J. L. Beedell, B.Sc. (Carleton). Ottawa Teachers' College. Junior School. Science and Outdoor Education.	
B. W. Bellamy, B.Sc. (Carleton). Senior School. Biology, Chemistry and Mathematics.	
F. T. Bellware, M.Sc. (Carleton). Senior School. Biology and Physics.	
J. S. Crockett, Teacher Training, Stanmills College, Belfast. Junior School. English, Geography and Mathematics.	
J. A. Glover, M.A. (Oxon.). Head of Department of Moderns. Senior and Junior Schools. French and German.	
R. I. Gray, B.P.E. (Hons.) (Queen's), B.Ed. Type A Certificate. Junior School. Physical Education and History.	
G. D. Heyd, M.A. (Toronto). Administrative Assistant. Senior School. History.	
J. H. Humphreys. Junior School. Oral French.	
G. E. Hyatt, B.Sc. (Bishop's). Senior School. Chemistry and Mathematics.	
C. J. Inns, B.A. (Hons.) (University of Wales). Senior School. French and Geography. Housemaster of Woolcombe House Boarders.	
Mrs. J. Kennedy, B.A. Senior School. Commerce.	
Mrs. J. R. Linn. Junior and Senior Schools. Remedial Reading.	
D. D. Lister, M.A. (York). Head of Department of English. Senior and Junior Schools. English and Theatre Arts.	
A. M. Macoun, M.A. (Oxon.). Head of Department of Geography. Senior School. Geography.	
G. J. McGuire, B.A. (Queen's). Senior School. Mathematics and Physics.	
Mrs. C. Monk. French (Consulting).	
K. D. Niles, B.A. (Carleton). Senior School. English and History. Housemaster of Connaught House Day Boys.	

B. J. O'Keefe, B.A. Permanent High School Certificate. Business Mathematics and Accounting and Geography.

H. Penton, B.A. (Carleton). Senior School. English and History. Housemaster of Woollcombe House Day Boys.

D. L. Polk, B.A. (Dartmouth, USA). Junior School. Latin, English, French, History and Geography.

R. D. Rice, B.A. (Trent). Librarian.

H. J. Robertson, B.A. (South Africa). Head of Department of History. Senior School. History and Politics.

A. C. Thomas, Bach. of Music (Manchester, England). Certificate and Diploma in Education. Director of Music. Music and French.

T. Tottenham, Teachers' Certificate, Ottawa. Junior School. English, Geography, History and Science.

B. Wallin, M.A. (Stanford University, California). Senior School. Latin, English and Geography. Housemaster of Connaught House Boarders.



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LEAVING STAFF

Mr. BELLAMY is to become head of science at Lakefield School. He has been a superb coach of first team hockey and football. As this year's football write-up suggests, he is a 'good sport' — relaxed and always willing to join in a quick game after school. We will miss him both as teacher and friend. Lakefield is most fortunate.

Mr. INNS will be headmaster of 'Rothesay Collegiate' in New Brunswick. Throughout his time as housemaster, he has ruled with a firm and reasonable hand working with subtle humour towards the involvement and cooperation of each student in the business of the school. More than one student at Ashbury recalls his friendliness and spontaneous generosity. He is indeed the man for any further challenges that Rothesay may offer him in his career.

Mr. O'KEEFE has been here for only a year and a half but he has left his mark with his patience and good humour in the classroom and with his participation in extra-curricular activities such as baseball, curling and touch football. His supervision of the Tuck Shop Company has contributed essential business sense and enthusiasm to the student managers of the company. Thank you and good luck!

Mr. WALLIN is leaving Ashbury for a two year 'leave of absence'. He has tirelessly promoted the welfare of boarders in grades nine to eleven. His consistency as a housemaster, his depth of concern towards individual students, and his work in renovating the dormitories reveal the range of his efforts. It is especially worth noting that Bruce was Mr. Joyce's supervisor for all aspects of construction and furnishing during the recent additions to the building. Mr. Wallin's unique impact will be remembered for the classically unobtrusive personal touch and dedication which characterize him at all times.

**D. D. LISTER, with GRAEME McKENNA
and JOHN ROGERS**



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Dr. J. TUZO WILSON

DR. J. TUZO WILSON, SCHOOL VISITOR

Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson (1919 - 1925) paid a memorable visit to the school on Thursday, April 17th. Dr. Wilson expressed surprise and pleasure at Mr. Joyce's invitation which came the day after Dr. Wilson had been made a Companion of the Order of Canada.

There were two reasons behind the special assembly which brought the entire school together in the gymnasium. The first was to pay tribute to a distinguished member of the Ashbury family. After graduating as a Governor General's Medallist from Ashbury, "Joek" Wilson as he was known at the school went on to a B.A. at Toronto, and M.A. and ScD. at Cambridge. He has earned international recognition in the scientific world both as a geo-physicist and as a conservationist. He is best known for the hypothesis of continental drift. This writer remembers one of his professors telling him that continental drift was a doubtful theory but that teenagers were fascinated by it. It appears the teenagers were right! Although Dr. Wilson did not speak about his theory, the students were aware that they were facing one of the most singular scientific talents of our time.

The second reason for the assembly was to announce Dr. Wilson's appointment as 'Visitor' to the school, the third such appointment in the school's history. The first two were the Duke of Bedford and Viscount Alexander of Tunis.

The title 'visitor' comes from the historic English practice of having someone outside a university or school visit a particular institution as a kind of ombudsman in order to hear major complaints from those in it against those in authority. In explaining his function to the students, Dr. Wilson discounted detentions after school as being a valid cause of complaint but did point out that he was ready to be called upon if Mr. Joyce, like a certain English principal of the last century, refused to speak to anyone for five years. In all seriousness, a school 'visitor' is not only a tie to the past but also, as the above apocryphal story suggests, a reminder of the need for common-sense and fair play that must govern any place of learning in its daily life.

Dr. Wilson was presented with a photographic record of the Neptune Project by Ian Scarth and Chris Friesen. On behalf of the school, Mr. Joyce gave Mr. and Mrs. Wilson a pair of silver tea-spoons.

Dr. Wilson said that he was not a great athlete or a very noticeable person while at Ashbury. His achievements since then speak for themselves. As scientist, educator (he is Principal of Erindale College) author, conservationist, traveller to 100 countries, and incidentally, to the North Pole and Antarctica, he is what Ashbury is all about — a man who has achieved excellence 'all round'. He is indeed a "rare example of Renaissance Man". Is it surprising that, during his time off, he sails the Great Lakes in a Hong Kong junk?

The school will long remember this distinguished but unassuming gentleman, and is proud to have him as "Visitor".

D. D. LISTER

PRIZE LIST

June 14, 1975

**ACADEMIC PRIZES: PRESENTED BY JOHN GILL, ESQ.
PRESIDENT, ASHBURY ASSOCIATION**

Junior School Form Prizes for General Proficiency:

Grade	5	Todd Jamieson Sellers	The Animal Kingdom
"	6	Christopher Wirth	Chronicles of Narnia
"	7	Alexander Watson	1000 Makers of 20th Cent.
"	7A	Craig Leth-Steenson	Animal Life
"	8L	Bruce D. MacNair	Mythology
"	8K	Bach Bui	100 Great Books
"	8A	Lachlan Munro	Modern History

Junior School Awards of Merit:

Grade	5	Alexander Nipperdey	Dr. Doolittle
"	6	Hung Bui	Chronicles of Narnia
"	7	Timothy Shearly	The Car
"	7A	Alexander Paterson	Encylopedia of Nature
"	8L	Michael Wolff	Last Survivors
"	8K	Michael Sutterlin	Encyclopedia of the Earth

Senior School Form Prizes for General Proficiency:

Year	1C	James Moore (IV)	Alaska: Lost Heritage
"	1A	Pierre Vanasse	Bermuda Triangle
"	1E	Wayne Chodikoff	Rebellion
"	2C	Kevin Fraser and James Lay	Complete Shakespeare
"	2A	Graeme Clark and Richard Sellers	The Discoverers
"	3C	David Macleod	The Book of Firsts
"	3A	Douglas Welch	Bobby Orr
"	3E	Gad Perry	Alive
"	4	Adrian Conway	Fifth Business
"	5	Goodwin Yuen	Webster's Dictionary

The Senior School General Proficiency Prize:

Not to be awarded: No contest.

The Coyne Prize for Improvement in French: Junior School

Michael Wolff Petit Larousse

The Irene Woodburn Wright Music Prize: Junior School

Douglas Rjtcey Ballet and Modern Dance

The Polk Prize for Poetry Reading: Junior School

Mark Ferguson Tales from the 1001 Nights

The Public Speaking Prizes:

Junior: Michael Sourial Magill's Quotations
Intermediate: John Lund Thos. Davies in Early Can.

The Thomas Choir Prize: Junior School

Bruce MacNair The Great Musicians

The Ladies' Guild Merit Awards: Presented by Mrs. G. A. Harris, President

Year	1	Michael Bennett	Cheque
"	2	Kevin Fraser	"
"	3	Stephen Puttick	"
"	4	George Duong	"
"	5	François Bélanger	"

**THE JUNIOR SCHOOL MERIT AND AND MEMORIAL PRIZES:
PRESENTED BY M. H. E. SHERWOOD, ESO.**

The Alwyn Cup: Junior School Track and Field

Christopher Chisholm

The John Michael Hilliard Memorial Prize: Grade 8A Award of Merit

Pierre La Traverse

Eureka, Story of Inventions

The Junior School Athletic Cup: For greatest contribution to Junior School Sports

Laird Dunlop

The Stephen Clifford Memorial Prize: Outstanding contribution to House

Michael Bravo

Larousse Encyclopedia of
Modern History

The Woods Shield: Outstanding contribution, academics, sports, character

David Beedell

**SENIOR SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD: INDIVIDUAL
CLASS WINNERS: R. J. ANDERSON**

Senior: Steve Comis; Intermediate: Jeff Beedell; Junior: Jeff Stevens



Goodwin Yuen, Ashbury's top student, 1975, receives the Ekes Memorial Prize for Physics from Mrs. Michael Oliver.

**ACADEMIC PRIZES: SENIOR SCHOOL: PRESENTED BY DR.
MICHAEL OLIVER**

Intermediate:

Years	1-2	English	Graeme Clark	My Heart Soars
"	1-2	History	Richard Sellers	Cathedral
"	1-2	Geography	Wayne Chodikoff	Exploring Canada
"	1-2	General Science	Richard Sellers	World under Microscope
"	1-2	Jobling Prize for French	Graeme Clark	The 10th Ghost Book
"	1	Typing, Business and Mathematics	Wayne Chodikoff	Death on the Ice
"	1	Music	Iain Johnston	Rubaiyat of Omar Kyam
"	1	Typing and Business Acct. (all girls)	Felicity Smith	Donne's Poetical Works
"	2	Canadian Issues	Graeme Clark	Drifting Home
"	2	German	Lynne Houwing	(Awarded at Elmwood)
"	2-3	Typing and Business Acct. (mixed class)	Carla Peppler	G. K. Chesterton Poems

Senior:

Year	3	English	Eric Wilson	Harlequin
"	3	French	Gad Perry	Poirot's Early Cases
"	3-4	Bus. Studies	David Singh	Managing for Results
"	3-4	Dramatic Arts	Graeme McKenna	Art of the Puppet
"	3-4	Physics	Douglas Welch	Fund. of Astronomy
"	3-4	Chemistry	Christopher Ingold	Prospecting in Canada
"	3-4	Biology	Eric Wilson	Encyclo. of Animal Life
"	3-4	Urban Studies	Nicholas Brearton	Ottawa (in tie)
"	3-4	Politics	Iain Johnston	Confucius
"	4	Sr. Matic Latin at Elmwood	David Singh	Senior Dictionary
"	4	Brain Prize for History	Adrian Conway	Robespierre
"	4	Pemberton Prize for Geography	Ian Higgins	Portrait of Canada
"	4	Dr. O. J. Firestone Prize for Math.	Donny Yuen	Fundamentals and Coll. & Univ. Mathematics
"	4	German	Sonya Taticek	(Awarded at Elmwood)
"	4	Enriched English (at Elmwood)	Ian Higgins	The Siren Years
"	5	History	Frank Mulock	Heroic Beginnings: Canada
"	5	Geography	Hugh Christie	Klondike
"	5	Mathematics	Goodwin Yuen	Calculus & Geometry
"	5	Chemistry	Goodwin Yuen	Random Walk in Science
"	5	Biology	Oliver Hui	Endangered Species
"		Economics	Frank Mulock	Hard to Swallow

Year	5	French (Elmwood)	Barbara Coyne <i>and Brian McCordick</i>	Balzac
"	5	Enriched English at Elmwood	Brian McCordick	Poems of T. S. Eliot

THE MEMORIAL PRIZES: PRESENTED BY MRS. OLIVER

Year	1-2	The Robert G. Devine Prize for Middle School Latin	Iain Morton	The RA Expedition
"	1-2	The Snelgrove Memorial Prize for Middle School Mathematics		
"	3	The Adam Podhradsky Memorial Prize for Modern History	Iain Johnston	King James I
"	4	The Fiorenza Drew Memorial Prize for French	Ian Higgins	100 Great Books
"	4	The Robert Gerald Moore Memorial Prize for English	Jeffrey Beedell	Collected Poems of Pratt
"	5	The Gray Horning Memorial Shield for Public Speaking	Richard Tervo	Shield and Notes for a Native Land
"	5	The Hon. George Drew Memorial Prize for Advanced English	Hugh Christie	Return to the Alps
"	5	The Ekes Memorial Prize for Physics	Goodwin Yuen	Hoyle's Astronomy



Peter Wilson

THE ATHLETIC TROPHIES AND SPECIAL AWARDS: PRESENTED BY THE HEADMASTER

The Boarder's Shield: For the senior boarder whose conduct and effort about the House have done the most to enhance boarding life at Ashbury.

Goodwin Yuen

The Wilson Shield: For Senior Inter-house competition

David Leigh	Co-captains
Peter Wilson	Connaught
	House

The Pitfield Shield: For Junior inter-house competition.

Accepted for: The Hobbits
by: Michael Bravo — Senior Captain
John Draper — Junior Captain

The Charles Rowley Booth Trophy: For best record in scholarship and athletics in Year 4 (Grade 12)

Blaine Johnson Trophy and Bartlett's Quotations

The Southam Cup: For best record in scholarship and athletics in Year 5.

Ian Bleackley
Trophy and Webster's Dictionary



Steve Comis receives Senior Individual Track and Field Award from Mr. R. J. Anderson.

The Nelson Shield: Captain of the School
Claude Pardo

The Governor-General's Medal:
Goodwin Yuen

The Headmaster's Cups:
Senior School: David Leigh
Hugh Christie
Junior School: David Tamblyn



Left: François Bélanger received the year 5 Merit Award from Mrs. G. A. Harris.



Right: Jeff Stevens receives Junior Individual Track and Field Award from Mr. R. J. Anderson.

Photos by Peter Wilson

FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. NED RHODES, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, ON PRIZE DAY

. . . Action Ashbury — I am very pleased to be able to report to you that to date, Action Ashbury's capital campaign has reached a total of \$618,951 of which \$404,295 has been received in cash. This total means that approximately \$90,000 has been collected since this time last year, which is, in my opinion, no small feat. You will recollect that the capital campaign looked forward to bringing in during the 5 years between 1973 and 1978 the total cash target of \$750,000 and we believe that there is a very good prospect of closing the \$120,000 gap.

The school's most sincere thanks are due to those who have contributed so generously. The total pledged is made up of 362 individual and family gifts and 41 donations from corporations and foundations.

It is a fact of independent school life that we must look to gift support on a systematic continuing basis. It may sound like over simplification, but very few people give unless they are asked and the business of asking takes organization and a great deal of voluntary effort on the part of dedicated members of the Ashbury community. Our heartfelt thanks to every one of them. General chairman Donald McLaren has headed the Action Ashbury organization now since inception and I once again would like to thank him in particular, along with Tony German, for a job extremely well done.

Action Ashbury continues its work, not only to close the gap, but to develop through annual giving, a broadened participation by all the school's community. I might tell you that one of the independent schools in Ontario receives from annual giving and bequests \$500 per boy per annum to offset rising costs and ever increasing fees. I challenge you to see what you can do for Ashbury.

I would like to dwell now on a very exciting subject, the Forum for Young Canadians. Over the last year, Ashbury has been instrumental in initiating a most interesting new educational program. Its implications are very much broader than Ashbury College itself. Indeed they are national in scope, and the Forum for Young Canadians, as this program is called, is now being incorporated with its own board of trustees and is independently seeking the financial backing required.

The concept is direct and simple. Ottawa has unique resources for teaching a subject of fundamental importance to responsible citizens of the future, "The Dynamics of Government." What is government all about? How does it work? Most important, perhaps, how does a Canadian citizen, business, the labour union, the special interest group, interact with it? Starting in 1976, the Forum for Young Canadians will run 4 courses of 100 boys and girls each, from all across Canada. They will be selected by their own principals from their last two high school years and they will come here to Ashbury College to work and live together for a full concentrated week, getting to understand the real guts of government with the whole of Ottawa as a classroom. Speakers will be drawn from parliament, the cabinet, the public service, representatives of business and industry, special interest groups, the press, and political observers.

Two student courses will take place in March during the mid-winter break and two at the end of June. At these times, Parliament is normally in session, students can leave their home classrooms and Ashbury College is empty. Similar courses for teachers are planned for the summer months.

The board of Ashbury approved and encouraged the nurturing of the forum program, and the headmaster and director of development have spent a great deal of time on it. Kenneth Lavery, a parent and Ashbury governor, is chairman of the organization committee. Michael Evans, from Ashbury's year 4, went to a course in Washington, D.C. in March, called the presidential classroom, as part of our

evaluation. This is an outstanding program and it provides an excellent guide. Next week, the forum board of trustees will formally assume responsibility for the program and Ashbury's part will be simply to provide the required facilities.

Office space will be provided, executive and administrative services will be made available. Some members of the staff who wish to, will have a most interesting opportunity for professional involvement. Working with a program like this will be a most exciting and rewarding opportunity. I am proud as a member of the Ashbury board that the spark was struck here and that we will be involved in a really important educational program with a real potential for nationwide significance.



Peter Wilson

Brian McCordick receives the Year 5 Enriched English Prize (Elmwood) from Dr. Michael Oliver.

.... One of the most exciting happenings of the year was the McLaughlin Foundation gift to the school. The foundation has awarded Ashbury one bursary in the amount of \$4,500 which will be available to a student in his 2nd last year and will be renewable for the final year, provided his work and conduct remains satisfactory. Commencing in 1976 and thereafter until further notice, the foundation will supply \$9,000 to enable Ashbury to provide one bursary in each of the last two years. An extremely generous gift indeed, and something that will mean a great deal to the school and of course, even more to the recipients of the bursaries.

Another exciting and moving occasion occurred on the 17th of April when Doctor J. Tuzo Wilson was installed as school visitor. One of Ashbury's most distinguished old boys, he graduated in 1925, 50 years ago with the governor general's medal and he has become one of the world's leading scientists. We trust he will revisit often and for our mutual enjoyment rather than to perform the traditional medieval function of a visitor which is to resolve disputes which might arise between the students and the masters at an institution of learning.

This year, our headmaster is president of the Canadian Headmasters Association, representing 25 independent schools across Canada. They will meet in Ottawa this fall for the first time and I look forward with my fellow governors to welcoming them wholeheartedly and being whatever assistance we can to make sure that we put on a first class show as they have done for us over the years.

So that you all are given notice as far in advance as possible, *please be advised that Ashbury Day this year will be Saturday, November 1st with the weekend of course starting on Friday, October 31st, the Annual meeting being held on Saturday.* It may be of interest to many of you to note that Ronald Perry, a former Headmaster of this school from 1950 to 1956 will be in attendance and will have hundreds of feet of film taken during the Perry years at Ashbury.

The very successful *Antique Sale* which the Ladies' Guild ran last fall, will be run again at Ashbury College by the Ladies' Guild on the weekend of *November 7th, 8th, and 9th*, and I urge you to mark the dates down. Speaking of the Ladies' Guild, may I sincerely thank Mrs. Harris, the president, for the work she has done on behalf of the school, with her Ladies' Guild and in particular, I thank the Ladies' Guild for the gift which enabled the school to complete planting around the Hughson steps.

In closing, may I thank the Headmaster for the co-operation which he has shown both me personally, and the board, and everyone else who has contributed to make this an outstanding year at Ashbury.

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DR. MICHAEL OLIVER'S PRIZE DAY SPEECH

Mr. Headmaster, students of Ashbury College, ladies and gentlemen —

May I first say how very honoured I am to have been invited to be with you for these Closing Ceremonies at Ashbury College. It is a school with a very great tradition from whom indeed we have received some of our very distinguished students at Carleton University and at other universities at Canada. A school with a reputation for scholarship as well as for all the other things — the sports, clubs and activities that make up a good school.

The choices that are made in education are vital ones; vital ones for both individuals that are involved and for society and, indeed, I am reminded of a story which is part of the black humour of the early Indépendantiste Movement in Quebec, which perhaps illustrates the importance of educational choices. It seems there were two farmers, one evening, walking along the shore of Lac St. Jean, smoking their pipes in a very leisurely way and suddenly they heard from the lake the cry "Help, help, I'm drowning" — they walked along puffing on their pipes and the cry went up a second time — "Help, I'm drowning". Once again they strolled along. The third time the cry came up "Help, I'm drowning". They walked along and, finally, one took his pipe out of his mouth, turned to the other and said "Il vaut bien apprendre l'anglais, mais il vaut mieux apprendre à nager." I suspect that not all educational choices may be of quite that desperate kind but they are important and therefore let me now address most of my remarks to the students who are graduating from Ashbury today.



Tony German

Ted Marshall sells Mr. Mahoney an Ashbury Association tie at the Friday night barbecue.

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ONTARIO

Thus far the choices in education have to a very great extent been made for you. They have been made by your parents, they have also been made by the society of which you are a part although not all of these educational choices by any means have been brought to bear on you through the schools and through this school, Ashbury College or rather from any of the institutions of society. Nonetheless what you have learned then and to some extent the way you have learned reflect the values and priorities of your society. They tend to be individual values rather than collective ones except perhaps in your own peer group where elaborate codes, and they're very rigid ones, do grow up. They have been very competitive values on the whole in this society rather than co-operative ones except perhaps in games or in plays but even there the stars appear. Your society, then, has educated you perhaps in consumerism, probably less from a school like this which has traditionally had its values set firmly in the things of the mind and in values that are more lasting, but certainly from institutions like television and others that play such an important educative role in society. You have also been educated in the importance of growth. The idea probably has been suggested to you that things get better as they get bigger and as there are more of them.

Had you been born in China, the educational choices made for you would have been quite different. You would have been going to Middle School and there you would have been mixing work and study from the very beginning following the dictum of Mao Tse Tung: Education must serve proletarian polities and be combined with productive labour. The students would also learn other things — that is to say they should not only learn book knowledge, they should also learn



Photo by Peter Wilson

Frank Mulock receives the History and Economics prizes, Year 5, from Dr. Oliver.

industrial production, agricultural production and military affairs. And you would have been hearing about combining theory and practice. You would have been asked to get out into the fields and the factories and fishing fleets and road gangs, as part of the educative process, and you would have heard continually "serve the people" as the purpose of education and, "friendship first, co-operation second" — sorry, "friendship first, competition second." Mao Tse Tung would never have said "co-operation second". You would have been learning in the school itself and from your society about criticism and about self-criticism and these as quite public and formal procedures. And, of course, you would have been indulging, as part of your regular studies, in extensive and detailed criticism of Confucius and the deviationist leader Lin Piao.

I'm not for the moment trying to say that the values your society have built into the educative process are better or worse than those of China but they are not the only values and, indeed, they are under somewhat massive challenge. Challenge that you will have to understand and face. Those of you who are leaving Ashbury can to a much greater extent perhaps begin to choose for yourselves now the kinds of educational ends that you'll pursue, the kinds of educational experience that you want to have. Among the choices that I'm sure is very much in your mind is whether you go to university or not. I hope you've considered this problem very carefully. I'm sure that many of you will want to be at university but I want to ask you to make sure that that is what you want to do. One of the problems of our society is that too much has been expected of the university and the wrong things have been expected of it and it is not and cannot be a guarantor of high incomes and of an assured career. It isn't and cannot be an institution for conferring social prestige. If you have a vocation for a profession and the ability and the commitment to qualify for the limited number of places in medicine, law, dentistry and the others, yes, you should be at university. More important, if you have a real taste for intellectual activity and that's not a word to be afraid of, one to be taken very seriously, then again, yes, you should be at university, or, if you have a desire to learn, to understand, and to appreciate, and if you're ready to make that kind of a commitment now, go!

I'm a bit worried that some of these students who are coming to universities may not be ready either for the university or, indeed, for any other kind of formal post-secondary education. I'm a bit worried that some who are ready and should immediately go to university may never perhaps even in the atmosphere of the university break out sufficiently from the pattern of educational experience set by

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society even that very fine pattern set by this school. If then you are not sure, but you are ready for more study right now, there are alternatives and some very worthwhile ones for Canadian students. One of them, for example, is *Canada World Youth*, an organization that gives to young people from seventeen to twenty-three a chance to work with people from similar age groups from many countries of the world in projects, first here in Canada, usually in two locations and then in a host-country overseas — in Africa, in Asia, in South America and in Central America. The work that has been done by groups like this is in itself not the most important part of the movement rather it is the provision of an opportunity for young people from vastly different experiences and cultures to work together and to take a look from another perspective at the kind of values they hold, the kind of experience they've had. If you do go on to university or to college, then again it will be very worthwhile for the Canadians amongst you to think of organizations like *C.U.S.O.* which provides for service in the lesser-development countries using skills that you've been able to obtain. There are organizations like the *World University Service of Canada*, with seminars and other projects which will again bring this first experience or this real experience. I should say, of contact with the rest of the world and other countries' cultures.

For some, then, I hope that many of you make the choice to expose yourselves to something that can be called "culture shock". A shaking from the experience of having to live with and work with and adjust yourselves, to reconcile yourselves to a radical style of life and set of values. Preparations that Canadians who attend Ashbury College receive for this seems to me to be better than in most others because there is in this college, situated as it is in Ottawa, already a community much wider than a Canadian one from which experience can be drawn and the possibility then of participation in a much wider set of values and of thought than many of Canada alone. Nevertheless, the personal experience of having to adjust to a different set of values is something which I suspect even study here or later at university and even simply travel is not enough to get. I suggest that one of the options you think of now or later is some real exposure to a world that is different from the one you've known here. I suggest that you take some risks now or later in your lives. *Find a way of getting outside of the style of life and the values you have now and look back in on them.*

Canada is only a very small part of the very big world and your part in Canadian society is smaller still. Canadians are not universally loved and we are doing things that don't merit universal love: Consuming more than our share of the world's resources, doing more than our share of polluting, exploiting other peoples' labour and resources, not only for mutual benefit, projecting an image of complacency that we can ill-afford. Canadians, I suggest, will be better world citizens if you can understand these things, feel these things, and appreciate them, through experience. If and when you do, then don't feel guilty; a very sterile emotion if there ever was one and certainly let's not feel apologetic for Canada — no one is interested in hearing us say 'I'm sorry' and besides you and your country have a very great deal to be proud of — but I do suggest that you do something. Do something about building a new and fairer world, economic order, about building a sense of obligation for public service rather than just private gain, about incorporating some new perspectives into your thinking whether they come from China or Africa or the U.S.S.R. or indeed, a trade unionist, or an Indian or a Québec Indépendentiste or someone who is really poor living right with it. Whatever you do, however, good luck and thank you.

DR. MICHAEL OLIVER



Peter Wilson

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LADIES' GUILD

The Ashbury College Ladies' Guild consists of 132 members, mothers of boarders and day boys. The \$5.00 membership fee enables us to cover our operating costs, assist financially with a Choir and Hallowe'en Party and miscellaneous expenses.

Our 1974 - 1975 projects have been a barbecue in June, Used Clothing and Home Baking Sales early in September and the Antique Show and Sale last November. These events have realized \$4900.00 and donations have been given to the Library, Music Department, landscaping the front entrance and for five Merit Prizes awarded at the Closing.

Guild members have been working in the Library mornings and afternoons since the fall. We check books in and out, help with cataloguing and other jobs required. Members also assisted at the November Ashbury Old Boys' Week-end.

Mrs. W. A. Joyce, Mrs. J. J. Marland and the staff wives have actively supported the Guild and we are deeply indebted to them. Our two general meetings are followed by luncheons which are supplied by the School, and are greatly appreciated.

This past year has proved productive and we are hopeful that the coming school year will be as equally successful.

MARY LOU HARRIS,
President,
Ashbury College Ladies' Guild.



Tony German

A scene from this year's barbecue, June 13th, 1975.

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PROJECT NEPTUNE

The purpose of Project Neptune is to establish an underwater biological research and observation station, eighteen feet below the surface of Lake Heney. This facility comprises two underwater structures. The first is a small observatory now on the bottom of the lake and working efficiently. The other structure is a fully equipped underwater laboratory, having an internal capacity of four hundred and ten cubic feet capable of sustaining four people on the bottom for an indefinite length of time. The upward thrust of this container will be about 25,000 pounds. This winter, just before the ice melted, we successfully placed six 7,000 pound concrete weights around the spot where Neptune will rest. As with any project of this scope, there have been both setbacks and accomplishments. Only with the help of devoted members have we been able to meet our scheduled implacement date. Along with the encouragement offered by Ashbury, in particular by Mr. A. German and Mr. Fred Bellware, we have received four thousand dollars from the Canadian Sportsman's Show, which has done much to raise our spirits and to ensure the project's success. In addition, expert assistance vital to the project is being given by Mr. Douglas Elsey and by Dr. Joe MacInnis. We are most thankful for the opportunity of working with these men.

Project Neptune is a superb chance for anyone interested in large scale underwater farming, off-shore oil drilling, fish farming and marine biology in general to actually get the feel of what is involved. I am personally interested in developing right attitudes not only towards underwater life and resources but also underwater survival. Man's last frontier opens before our eyes and only with the training of good divers and the development of even better equipment than we have now will Man learn both to use and to conserve his marine world.

Persons involved in this project are: Ian Scarth, Chris Friesen, Keith MacDonald, John Moore, Bill Craig, Tim Farquhar, David Walls, David O'Dell, Simon Gittens.

IAN SCARTH



Ian Scarth and Dan Scriber prepare to submerge.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HONOURS THE NEPTUNE PROJECT: A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

When I found that I was going to meet the Prince, I tried to gather some impressions from those around me. I was overwhelmed by the contact people felt they had had, and still had with royalty simply because a relative or a good friend or even an acquaintance had spoken with H. R. H. The Prince of Wales on the side of a spectator-lined boulevard. I was struck by the detail of their stories and soon realized that the monarchy means much more to people than an impersonal figurehead over the executive wing of the government. In short, my conclusions were that the royal family provides strength, continuity and purpose to a contemporary history that all too often seems chancy, chaotic and plotless.

Government House had been specially spruced up for the royal visit, and the guards were in their cleanest uniforms. This preparation only served to compound my feeling for the seriousness of the occasion. The importance of etiquette kept hammering in my head.

It was my first visit to Government House as well and I was awed by the huge portraits of gruff gentlemen and refined ladies that lined the large, lushly carpeted hall. As we filed up the short flight of stairs into a long living room decorated with art gallery meticulousness, a small unassuming gentleman (whom we later learned was Mr. Cooper) told us with a smile and a glance at his watch that he would be bringing the Prince down to see us in 4½ minutes. It was then that I suddenly realized that the Prince doesn't run the show either, but follows a tight schedule with the help of his ADC. I started to wonder about the kind of life he must lead and braced myself to be met by a harried man rather bored with the whole routine of official visits, numberless handshakes and instant interest.

When he came into the room, I was immediately aware that he was both appreciative and apologetic at the idea of 'official' introductions, an impression that was confirmed by his first words:

"Don't stand in line like that — you'll drive me mad!"

He moves with an easy and familiar elegance among the boys in a grey, patterned suit that accentuates his broad shoulders and five foot nine inch frame. We are unwilling to talk. I start to think about my part in the Neptune Project, and a good thing too, because he is well enough informed to ask the most intelligent questions about the project that I have ever come across. No question: he is interested and is determined to know about the facts and the effort involved no matter how thunderstruck we appear to be at first. He is pleased. He repeats "Jolly good show" from time to time to indicate his pleasure. I am like the little old lady on the side of the road.

For me, this six minutes of Prince Charles' time has taken him out of the blur of newspaper stories and fairy tale distance that are part of my impression of royalty and has established him as a vibrant, informed and interested person. When he said that he wished to keep in touch with developments in the Neptune Project, he meant what he said. To his unique and demanding role he brings both wit and dignity, both imagination and common sense. He is an experience I will never forget.

HUGH CHRISTIE



IAN SCARTH

PROJECT NEPTUNE

An underwater Biological
research station.

CHRIS FRIESEN

Many thanks to Mr. F. T. Bellware, staff
advisor to Project Neptune, the donors
and parents, and students involved with
the underwater project.

Project made possible by a grant of four
thousand dollars from Canadian National
Sportsmen's Show.



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THE EMPLACEMENT OF NEPTUNE

The task of emplacing Project Neptune was assigned to the students enrolled in the Scuba Class. At 6:30 a.m. a general movement toward the launching area began. By 7:30 all the equipment was on the tiny island from which Neptune would be launched. Doug Elsey, a world leader on the subject of underwater habitats, and Ian Scarth, the Director of Project Neptune, went for a check-out dive to inspect the 18 tons of ballast and adjacent cables. In the mean time, Mr. Tony German led a crew in the setting up of an intricate rope and pulley system. Neptune itself was resting on several logs and was christened by Mrs. Joyce. In accordance to Murphy's Law, the rope on the pulleys snapped, sending all pullers flying. Mr. German, however, saved face with a hasty replacement, and by 10:00 a.m., Neptune was in the water and being towed to the point where it would be submerged. From here on the competent divers took over. There was still a fair amount of pulling which required the recruiting of a large number of people from the "audience". After numerous mistakes, none serious and all easily corrected, it was finally down and anchored. Then every last ounce of air was filled into Neptune and, by the time we had exhausted the supply, only a few inches of water remained inside the habitat. We all watched for the first sign that all was completed. Then, one by one, the diver's exhaust bubbles disappeared. We realized that they were inside the habitat and O.K.! The day had been a long one, and there had been many like them over the two years that Neptune had been under construction, but it was well worthwhile, Project Neptune was down at last.

Special mention must be given to Ian Scarth, without whom nothing could have been achieved, and also to Chris Friesen, Keith MacDonald, and Bill Craig. Also special thanks to Doug Elsey, Tony German, and "Dan the Man" Scriber, along with his friends from the Beavers Diving Club and all who assisted in making Neptune a great success.

BRIAN BAXTER

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NEPTUNE TEAM ASHBURY COLLEGE
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LUCK TO ALL THE GUINEA PIGS I LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING THE
DETAILS LATER

CHARLES



John Gill

THE FORMAL

The 'Formal'. How that word strikes terror into the hearts of every 'single' Ashbury and Elmwood senior! The month before, talk is centred on prospects: "Should I phone her? What if she says 'no'?" and "What if he phones me? Should I say 'maybe' or 'just as friends'?" Decisions must be made. "I'll take the cranberry tux with the plaid lapels" Corsages are ordered.

This year, May 2nd dawned grey and cold, upsetting many a convertible owner; however, the sun emerged just in time for the big night. At seven o'clock, couples began to arrive at the Golf and Country Club on Bowesville road — a huge place well-suited to the occasion. The buffet dinner, compared to the one at last year's formal, was very good. Plates cleared, drinks procured, nine-thirty arrived and with it the somewhat overly loud music of "Wedge". The group is good as local groups go, but are inclined to take extraordinarily long breaks which seem to equal the length of their playing time. It might be suggested to next year's band that more slow dances be played, as it is hot in a tuxedo and difficult for the girls to dance in their long dresses to long, fast songs, especially on waxed floors.

When "Wedge" finally stopped at one o'clock, the evening did not. Parties followed and many people were sufficiently wide-eyed to attend one of several breakfast parties. People with herculean strength in their eyelids had a picnic at Pink's Lake later that day. The rest went to sleep, crushed boutonnieres on the bureau, tuxedos on the floor, and visions of empty champagne bottles dancing through their heads.

It was a very successful formal this year, and apparently the Golf and Country Club would be glad to have us back next May.

KATHY ZIMMERMAN



Hugh Christie

Editors note: The Ashburian regrets the lack of candid shots of the formal. This one captures the spirit of the occasion, however. Look for closer coverage of the 1976 version!

ASHBURY AND ELMWOOD ON CABLEVISION

On the afternoon of May 29th, Rev. Green took Ranjy Basu, Ian Higgins, Stephen Jay and Heather McIntosh to the Skyline cablevision station on St. Laurent Boulevard. The purpose of the outing was to participate in the taping of one of the programs in a series called "Who Says?" In this series, students choose a topic and then choose an 'expert' to guide and to lead them in discussion on that topic. Our choice was foreign aid with Mr. Clyde Sanger as our expert. Mr. Sanger was friendly, informative and a perfect catalyst for our conversation.

We felt that perhaps talk flowed a little more freely out on the back lawn at Elmwood during the practice session with Mr. Sanger than at the station. Still, it should be interesting to see the results when the program is shown on July 17th and 18th. We'll probably never make the Academy Awards. Our thanks go to Mr. Green for his great help in making this project so enjoyable.

HEATHER MCINTOSH

THE ASHBURY COLLEGE TUCK SHOP

The Ashbury College Tuck Shop, under the able management of Mr. Ted Marshall, has emerged from yet another school year with a profit. Despite four break-ins and almost chronic vandalism Ted and his staff finished the year in the black, distributing a dividend of 20% on the Shop's stocks. The Shop, an institution at Ashbury since time immemorial, is wholly owned and operated by the boys of the school. This year, despite unceasing inflation it prospered, and all indications are that under the capable management of Ted it will continue to thrive in the future.

FRANK MULOCK

SPECTRUM

With considerable regret and indignation I must announce the discontinuation of SPECTRUM. For two years we have managed to keep the magazine running, by scraping together enough money from one issue to the next. We have, on several occasions, sought a small grant from the Canadian Government, but apparently no interest exists; the valiant "explorers" of Explorations Canada, a branch of the Canada Council, would not even listen to our aims. It is sad and infuriating that the government, despite its many claims to encouraging bilingualism, student participation and the Canadian Identity as a whole, could not find the few thousand dollars required to support SPECTRUM, Canada's only bilingual student forum, yet found millions of dollars to subsidize certain commercial magazines. Despite our constant shortage of funds, the SPECTRUM staff, consisting of Peter Steacy, Graeme Clarke, Kevin Reeves and myself, under the excellent supervision of Mr. Hugh Robertson, worked hard on the magazine. We achieved tremendous satisfaction and first-class experience in publishing an inventive and unique piece of student literature in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

I. S. D. HIGGINS

Editor

ASCO PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

Largely due to lack of participation on the part of the students, the company has had to fold this year. The company does not have a guaranteed income as does the Tuck Shop and, as a result, we could not afford to pay our workers; eventually, most of the work was left to two people. Next year, the company will be run as a club and will hopefully generate more interest in photography than presently exists among the students. I thank the shareholders for putting their faith in us. We may yet form a successful company in the years to come!

D. F. CARLSON

Editor's note: The Ashburian urgently needs photographers to record all aspects of school life. An organized approach would yield positive results. An accurate photographic record is a real service to the school. The suggestion has been made, too, that Ashbury begin to keep a permanent photographic archive (Peter Wilson). A good idea. Could the club look into this possibility?

ASCO PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY: FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE PERIOD ENDING JUNE 11th, 1975

Revenue:

Carried over from 1974	25.00
Gross sales487.46
ASCO loan	60.00
School loan	<u>.200.00</u>
	772.46

Operating expenses:

Cost of paper, chemicals412.46
Salaries	<u>.50.00</u>
	462.46

Gross profit:

+772.46
<u>-462.46</u>
310.00

Repayment of:

ASCO loan	60.00
250 shareholders250.00
School loan	<u>.200.00</u>
	510.00

NET PROFIT: -200:00

OPTIMIST PUBLIC SPEAKING

Early in April, the Optimist Club held its annual Oratorical Contest.

Because of the great number of entrants including ten from Ashbury, there were three contests held in Ottawa.

The first, on April 7th, saw John Lund take second place. The next evening, William Robinson won the privilege of going to Cornwall for the regional finals. On the same evening Wayne Chodikoff took third prize. In the final local contest, David Welch placed third.

Bill Robinson went on to Cornwall but wasn't as successful there as he was here.

There is no doubt that Ashbury can be justly proud of both its turn-out and its achievements.

JOHN LUND

SENIOR SCIENCE FAIR PRIZES

1st Prize	—Arnold Mierins and Keith MacDonald (Blood Pressure and Fitness).
2nd Prize	—Peter Drouin (Food Analysis).
Honourable Mention	—Douglas Welch (Astronomical Mapping), John Moore (Citizen Band Radio), Adrian Brookes (Electro-Encephalograms).

A.S.C.C.

The Ashbury Student Cleaning Company saw what was perhaps a shaky season this year. With the usual aid of Mr. Penton, the Board of Directors and Mrs. Marland, the company has been somewhat restructured and a set plan of operations was established by Hugh Christie. With two dividends this annum, the A.S.C.C. had a prosperous year economically and hopefully much of our profits will be issued to charity. The idea behind our company is to teach the students some essential facts about business, through their experiences. In this we had success and hopefully the future will hold even greater advantages to the students and the school.

STEPHEN JAY

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

One of the most productive, if less spectacular, episodes of the excellent Careers Program organized by Mr. Marland, was a visit by Mr. Fowler, of External Affairs. The idea of the visit — as with the Careers Program as a whole — was to give the students a picture of just what is involved in a certain profession, in this case, External Affairs. To start off with, Mr. Fowler provided a résumé of his career in "External", as it is known, which seemed to vary from working as a Foreign Aid Missionary in Rwanda, to being posted as a diplomat with the Canadian Embassy in Paris. Many other exotic occupations were included in his list — and all practiced within the time-span of only a few years. Mr. Fowler's experiences with External Affairs really brought out the key aspect of this line of work — travelling around the globe, and moving between fields.

Mr. Fowler went on to explain the requirements (stringent, but human), the promotion system (slow, but existent), the salaries (fair, but easily sufficient), and the "fringe benefits" (numerous and excellent). The basic picture outlined was one of a small core of adventurous, ardent and competent individuals who are willing to sacrifice security, enormous salary, and a sedentary job in one area for travel to exotic lands and jobs, a high degree of movement and adventure, and the possibility of some day becoming an ambassador.

A question period followed, and Mr. Fowler answered all questions accurately, comprehensively and — on occasion — diplomatically. Iain Johnston, renowned for his interest in Maoist China (and a 90% average in Politics), asked "Do they ask you in the job interview if you have been a member of the Young Socialist Party?" Mr. Fowler unflinchingly replied, "No, they have people who find out anyway."

The discussion ended with another query by Iain, this time "When does the Canadian Government intend to recognize the Khmer Rouge government in Cambodia, if you feel qualified to answer the question?" Even this question, deviating somewhat from the mainstream of the Careers Program, was insufficient to rattle Mr. Fowler, and he replied that he would answer the question, but that he was certainly not qualified to do so. Undaunted, he produced a diplomatic (but nonetheless accurate) answer, explaining that the Canadian Government preferred to think in terms of countries rather than governments, and that as soon as the Khmer Rouge appeared to be in complete control of the country, they would probably be recognized as the official government.

Viewed as a whole, the talk was tremendously successful; Mr. Fowler had evoked a realistic impression of just what a career in "External" is all about, and we are all grateful to Mr. Fowler for being candid — though diplomatic — with us.

I.S.D. HIGGINS

FALL ORIENTEERING

For the first time at Ashbury, orienteering enjoyed a spot in the fall sports programme. Designed to combine a high degree of physical fitness with a sound knowledge of compass and map reading, the course and practice run were carried out through the many parks in and around Rockcliffe.

At the beginning of the year, many of the people could not even read a compass, much less attempt to run a course; however, by the end of the season, we were not only completing the course in good time, but some of us actually set courses up. The courses were always different, and sometimes frustrating, and it was interesting to see how many people from the original number that set out, returned.

Mr. Niles ensured the success of the sport, and it took a lot of his time and patience to teach us the technique involved and to put up with our wise cracks. I think we all had a lot of fun, and discovered that orienteering is basically fun.

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THE ASHBURY COLLEGE CAREER CONTACTS PROGRAMME 1975

In general terms this programme had been specifically designed for students in years 4 and 5 (Grades XII and XIII) who were given opportunities to visit career areas of their choice. In this way it was hoped that students would gain the necessary background to choose courses suitable to their future goals. Next year students in year 3 will be included.

The organization of this programme had been made possible by Parents, Friends and Old Boys, who freely gave of their time, experiences and advice to students.

Actual visits were made to:-

(a) The Arcia Graphics Co.	Ottawa
(b) I.B.M.	Ottawa
(c) Murray and Murray, Architects	Ottawa
(d) Algonquin Travel	Ottawa
(e) The Government Weather Bureau International Airport	Ottawa
(f) Industrial Engineering	Montreal
(g) Electronic Engineering	
• National Research Council	
• Bell-Northern Research Ltd.	
• Computing Devices Company	
• Hydro-Quebec	
(h) Communications, (J. D. Fisher)	Ottawa
(i) Royal Bank	Ottawa
(j) Transportation, Canadian Trucking	Ottawa
(k) Canadian Pacific Railway	Montreal
(l) Transportation Development Agency	Montreal
(m) Finance and Banking	
Bank of Nova Scotia	Ottawa
Greenshields Inc.	Ottawa
Canada Permanent Trust Company	Ottawa
(n) Architecture and Civil Engineering, Carleton University	Ottawa
(o) Telephonics, Bell Canada	Ottawa
(p) Geology, Geological Survey of Canada	Ottawa
(q) Electronic Engineering Information Science Service, National Research Council	Ottawa
(r) Medicine, General Hospital	Ottawa
(s) Shipping and Engineering Canada Steamship Lines	Montreal
(t) Royal Military College	Kingston
(u) Law — Courts	Ottawa
(v) Visual Communications, Government of Canada	Ottawa

Carleton and Ottawa Boards of Education Placement Services

Ashbury College is now involved in this programme and during the Easter break, students took the opportunity to spend four complete working days, either at the head office of the Royal Bank of Canada or at the headquarters of the Bell Telephone Company in Ottawa.

The Student Guidance Information Centre

This service provides students with a means of obtaining replies to personal questions pertaining to a career of their choice. Computerized information with respect to courses, universities and career requirements are received very quickly and it is strongly urged that students in years 3 and 4 (in this field), express interest at an early date.

Visits By Experts to Ashbury College

This method of receiving further personalized information has been pursued this year.

I wish to thank, most sincerely, everyone who participated in any, or all, of these schemes. I was particularly grateful to receive replies to a general questionnaire which I sent to all the adults who conducted these visits, and who, spontaneously, and sincerely, stated that our students were very polite, well-behaved, showed maturity above average, relative to age. Questions indicated advance preparations.

There is obviously a place for this type of involvement at Ashbury College and I hope that the furtherance of educational opportunities will be continued for many years to come.

J. J. MARLAND



Kevin Reeves

MUSIC

Since September there have been some changes and developments on the music side. Thanks to the generosity of the Ladies' Guild, and the time and trouble taken by Mrs. Mahoney and her sons, a new stereo was installed in the music room by Thanksgiving, affording students an opportunity to hear music on high-quality apparatus. Although the music room is in an unsuitable place, it has been decided to make the best of it until an opportunity emerges to take classes elsewhere. New chairs, curtains, music stands, course books and wall charts have been added, and the courses themselves revised.

Mr. Brookes has been able to attend during class time as well as after school, and students have benefitted greatly from the more individual approach possible during the practical parts of the course.

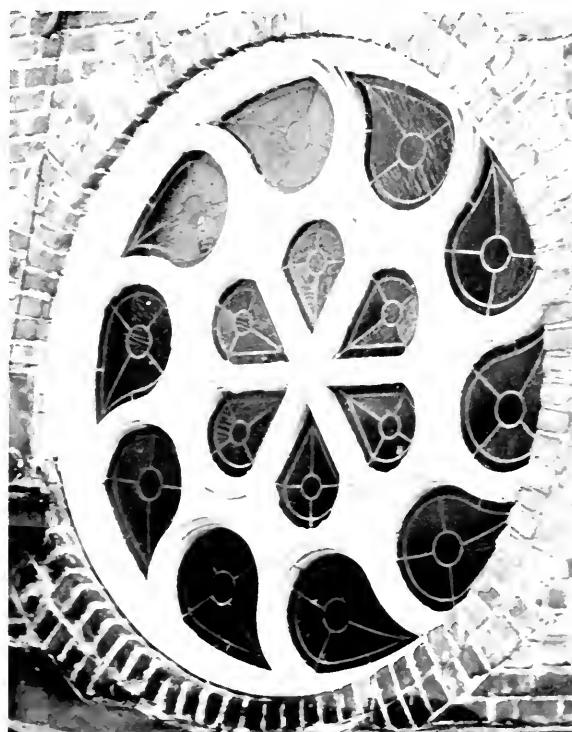
The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta was discontinued for two very good reasons. Firstly there was not sufficient talent available for "Iolanthe", the work proposed; secondly, such a production would have rendered impracticable the various ideas for music and drama which Drummond Lister and Alan Thomas had in mind. Consequently, in December and April, evenings of music and drama were presented in the Junior School and Senior School respectively. A start has been made at forming a tenor and bass section of the Choir; meanwhile a large Choir of Juniors sang at the Carol Services at Christmas.

Friday Chapel services have been turned into opportunities for solo instrumentalists to display their talent, and we have heard a wide variety, from flute and clarinet to bagpipes and accordion.

A more flexible approach to the timetabling of lessons, games and other activities now exists, resulting in greater freedom for cultural pursuits both during and after school hours.

So the outlook is promising. We hope that from modest beginnings music will become an integral part of life at Ashbury.

A. THOMAS



Peter Wilson

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**A SHORT COMMENT ON CULTURAL EXCHANGE
IN THE CANADIAN ISSUES COURSE**

What is Canada? Is it simply a bilingual country with French and English as the sole contributors to the Canadian identity? The answer, of course, is that Canada is multicultural. To bring this fact across to students at both Ashbury and Ottawa Technical High School Mr. Robertson of Ashbury and Mr. Tiezzi of Ottawa Tech in cooperation with the Ontario Government's Department of Community and Social Services organized an exchange between the two schools. The program involved panel discussions, small group discussion, films, and a tour of the Ottawa Italian Community ending with a delicious luncheon served by the Ladies' Guild of St. Anthony's Church.

For both groups of students, the exchange increased awareness and a sense of involvement in the community as a whole. At the same time, individuals were able to break through the unquestioned assumptions behind cultural stereotypes and to engage in genuine dialogue. For the first few minutes, though, it was rough going; we, in our blue blazers, received unwelcome stares that led to such questions as: "Do all of you really have Rolls Royces?" Our own initial thoughts and questions were equally limited: "They sure look Italian to me," whispered one boy behind me as we filed conspicuously into Ottawa Tech. And "Do you believe in education?" posed another.

As the third largest cultural group in Canada, the Italo-Canadians play a vital part in our life. There is no doubt that the program of exchange was a success and that any 'gap' is quickly bridged with increased interest and awareness of the other person. Canada is a 'mosaic' of cultures; let us shed our cultural blinders and begin to explore our country's richness and variety.

GRAEME CLARKE AND D.D.L.

DRAMATIC ARTS AT ASHBURY: A REPORT

The basis of dramatic arts at Ashbury for the past eight years has been an annual Gilbert and Sullivan production in co-operation with Elmwood. In addition, there was a dramatic arts course attended by both Elmwood and Ashbury students. Mounting a G & S operetta was no mean feat involving, as it did, the making of costumes, the blocking of lead actors and large groups, and the training of both male and female choruses. Considering that Ashbury did not have a "standing" choir in the Senior School, Mr. Peter Josselyn and Mrs. Lorna Harwood-Jones were to be congratulated on the high level of performance attained. The production of *Ruddigore* for example, which, at one point, involved the transformation of ancestral portraits into living figures was one very notable success. Last year, in fact, the need was felt to increase the number of performances from two to three; the house was full on each night.

The cancellation of the operetta this year prevented the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition from becoming repetitious. At the same time it made possible a new development in dramatic arts at Ashbury.

First, approximately 70 students in the Ashbury Junior School were responsible for *An Evening of Music and Drama* on December 6th and 7th. After the instrumentalists (including a bag-piper) and the choir had "done their thing", a play by Robertson Davies called *A Masque of Aesop* was presented. The students, both musically and dramatically, acquitted themselves well.

The "Evening" comes at a time of year when the intense sports activity of the early Fall has abated somewhat for most boys. It also brings together the Junior School in a way that is sorely needed, that is, in a joint endeavour that demands artistic teamwork and discipline. The training in concentration, enunciation and controlled exuberance is surely an important part of what Ashbury has to offer its younger citizens. The last such venture was *Joseph's Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* in 1973. Quite clearly, a similar evening should be an annual event.

Second, the dramatic arts class in the Senior School mounted a production of Eva Garbary's "*The Journey*", a Mic-Mac Indian legend. The dates of performance were April 10th, 11th and 12th. As far as I know, we were the first high school to produce this play.

The ten girls and four boys of the cast were deeply, sometimes painfully, involved in all aspects of production including the making of masks and costumes. The technical problems of the play loomed very large for an inexperienced group which was suddenly told in January that they were doing the school play. The members of the cast have met these challenges well and have shown increasing faith in each other as well as in themselves.

At the beginning of the year, Argyle Hall was an unknown as far as serious dramatic efforts on a senior level were concerned. Lighting was virtually non-existent, the ceiling low and soft, the stage tiny. In spite of these difficulties, the need, at Ashbury, for a little theatre tradition with its potential variety and flexibility was great enough to make the risk eminently worthwhile. Indeed, what better training for young actors in this age of over-stuffed high schools than the bare minimum of a body moving in unadorned space? Herein, for the actor, are lessons of truthfulness and economy that will never be forgotten.

What of the future? I am confident that the tradition of little theatre at Ashbury will establish itself firmly. Its educational value is beyond question. Perhaps it is not too soon to dream of an auditorium! In the meantime, an inexpensive lighting system will have to be installed in the next two years. The stage has already been enlarged by 80 square feet and 100 yards of curtains have



been sewn. These changes not only made possible April's senior production but also anticipate next Fall's Junior School Show which will likely be *Toad of Toad Hall*. Of one thing I am sure, the arts at Ashbury are growing. May they long continue to serve both the honour of the school and the development of many individual students.

D. D. LISTER
Head of English



Photos by Hugh Christie

Brian McCordick as Glooscape in "The Journey".



Kevin Reeves as Okooda and John Lund as Ulnoo.

THE JOURNEY

Eva Garbary's play, based on a Mic-mac Indian legend, was presented in Argyle Hall on April 10th, 11th and 12th by the Ashbury-Elmwood Dramatic Arts Class, directed by Mr. Drummond Lister and Graeme McKenna.

In the play, two warriors of the Mic-mac people, Okooda and Ulnoo, set out in search of Glooscap, their people's God, confident in the hope that, as Glooscap promised: "Those who search for me shall find me!"

The two warriors have four adventures. The first is with the Little People who tie them up, the second with a stranger who plays a hypnotic pipe, the third with a range of towering mountains, the fourth with a deadly serpent. In their ordeals, they are aided by the Loon, Glooscap's messenger, who has befriended them and whose usefulness they initially scorn. After the final trial, both warriors (played by Kevin Reeves and John Lund) sink to the ground in despair and undergo 'a dark night of the soul'. At this point there is a blackout followed by the sudden appearance of Glooscap in a spot of light. The remainder of the play involves the granting of each warrior's wish — Ulnoo's for immortality and Okooda's for wisdom. Thus Ulnoo becomes a cedar tree and Okooda, after watching the dance of the seasons in order to learn that 'there is order in all things' returns to his people as a very old man (played by Colin Byford who narrated the whole play). The final spot catches Okooda sitting before the cedar tree above which the loon is poised as the haunting cry of the loon sounds again as it did at the opening of the play.

In the case of a production of so high a standard, with so large a cast, it would be invidious to single out individual actors for detailed comment; suffice it to say that the grasp of character, understanding of the text, clarity of diction and convincing bearing of all those on stage contributed to a full realization of Eva Garbary's work. The impressive stage picture was enhanced by the excellence of the lighting, sound effects, costumes, masks and the simple but effective set.

Music, directed by Mr. Alan Thomas, played an important part in the production. There were the sound effects representing the cry of the loon, the dark cloud and the Jove-like voice of Glooscap. There was the inspired choice of Villa-Lobos' music for the dramatic mountain scene, which added greatly to the atmosphere of grandeur, danger and awe. The magic and symbolism of the pipe and its powers was represented by flute music played and improvised by Iain Johnston; the unearthly quality of the lower octave contrasted effectively with the sudden flights into the upper register as he followed the mood and meaning of the poetry.



Kevin Reeves

In this production, the elements of music, drama, poetry and ballet reached a high degree of cohesion.

The performance of this play was made possible because Mrs. Garbary gave the script to the Dramatic Arts Class after the performance of her play at the National Arts Centre in December 1974.

The play was preceded by a short concert. Kevin Reeves played the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata for Piano in C minor (opus 10). This he did, creditably, from memory; such lapses as there were on the first evening were eliminated at subsequent performances and a pleasing rendering was secured.

An ensemble consisting of two flutes (Iain Johnston and Paul Campbell) and two clarinets (Gad Perry and Dave Green) performed two minuets from the Music for the Royal Fireworks and the march "See the Conquering Hero Comes", by Handel, with pleasing tone and secure rhythm.

THE CRITIC

Editor's Note: The school wishes to congratulate Graeme McKenna for winning a part in a professional production of *The Innocents*, an adaptation of Henry James' *The Turn of The Screw*. The play, directed by Kim Bond is to run from July 20th to August 9th. Graeme is to play one of the leads, a child called Miles, who, with his sister, are gradually revealed to be trapped by a terrible evil.



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SPORTS

SPORTS AWARDS 1974-1975

TEAM BADGES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Curling Team, Ski Team.

SPECIAL BADGES: 1st Soccer - City High School Finalists 1974.
2nd Football - Undefeated Season 1974.

AWARDS

SENIOR FOOTBALL:

The Lee Snelling Trophy (Most Valuable Player) — Ian Bleackley
The "Tiny" Hermann Trophy (Most Improved Player) — Hugh Christie
The Mike Stratton Memorial Trophy (Best Lineman) — Claude Pardo

JUNIOR FOOTBALL:

The Barry O'Brien Trophy (Most Valuable Player) — John Biewald
The Boswell Trophy (Most Improved Player) — Scott Kirby

SENIOR SOCCER:

The Anderson Trophy (Most Valuable Player) — Blaine Johnson
The Perry Trophy (Most Improved Player) — Bill Fuller

JUNIOR SOCCER:

The Pemberton Shield (Most Valuable Player) — Ian Johnston

SENIOR HOCKEY:

The Fraser Trophy (Most Valuable Player) — Blaine Johnson
The Irvin Cup (Most Improved Player) — Bill Fuller

SENIOR SKIING — (Cross-country):

The Coristine Cup (Most Valuable Skier) — Jeff Beedell
The Ashbury Cup (Most Improved Skier) — Richard Sellers

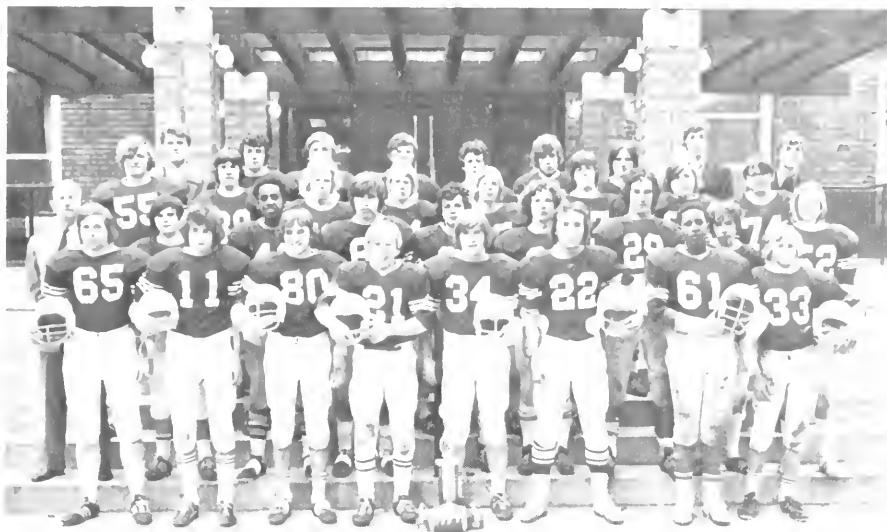
NEW AWARDS 1975

JUNIOR HOCKEY:

The Most Valuable Player — Tim Farquhar
The Most Improved Player — Ron Burnett

JUNIOR SCHOOL:

The Junior School Soccer Trophy (Greatest contribution to Soccer in Junior School) — David Beedell
The Junior School Hockey Trophy (Greatest contribution to Hockey in Junior School) — Andrew Williams



Left to right:

First Row: Jim Donnelly, Don Symington, Stew Gray, Hugh Christie (co-captain), Claude Pardo (co-captain), Steve Comis, Mike Moore, Paul Farquhar.

Second Row: W. A. Joyce Esq., Glenn Chodikoff, Andy Moore, Bill Johnson, Benny Benedict, Steven Rigby, Ron Bleackley, Andy Brown, Andy Christie.

Third Row: Bob Whitney, David Green, John Mierins, Harry Harrison, Chris Matson, Phil Grant, David McLeod, Bob Shulakewych.

Fourth Row: B. Bellamy Esq., Steve Putnick, John Jackson, Bill Durham, Bill Craig, Tim Gorham, Nick Bejkosalaj, Joel Zagerman, Rod Harrison.

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FIRST FOOTBALL

Playing on this year's first football team was fun. As far as one could tell everyone had a good time from the first days of aches and pains to the Old Boys' game two months later. The team was not large, either in numbers or size, but what was lacking in these areas was more than compensated for by great spirit and willingness to learn.

Except for a few holdovers, the team was largely made up of younger boys, but by the end of the season they were all playing like seasoned veterans.

The year, in short, was a 'building year'. The team next year will certainly be more experienced and probably larger physically. If it can match the spirit present this year, it will be a formidable opponent for all comers, even the Old Boys!

If one was to list the reasons why spirit was so high this year, it would probably boil down to two. Number one is quite obvious. We won considerably more games than we lost, and that certainly does morale good on any team. The second, and possibly more important, was the low key atmosphere in practice. Practices became fun. Calisthenics were not ordered on us ad infinitum, mistakes in practice were not blown out of proportion. The practice field became a place where one could learn football, and still enjoy the process.

From the players then: thank you Mr. B. for making the season fun. From the graduating players: thank you for a lasting memory, and carry on the winning trend next year.

HUGH CHRISTIE

1ST FOOTBALL SCORES

ASHBURY 64	B.C.S. 3
ASHBURY 6	OSGOODE 12
ASHBURY 12	SELWYN HOUSE 12
ASHBURY 24	OSGOODE 6
ASHBURY 13	SELWYN HOUSE 6
ASHBURY 43	STANSTEAD 16
ASHBURY 0	OLD BOYS 12
ASHBURY 13	GLOUCESTER 9
ASHBURY 16	SOUTH CARLETON 26

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Burnaby, Vancouver, Victoria,
Bermuda, Nassau and Freeport
Bahama Islands, Grand Cayman

FIRST SOCCER TEAM

The past year has provided the First Soccer Team with perhaps its finest season in ten years, thanks to the perserverance of G. McGuire, the supporters and the team itself.

After a dismal start, losing our first games narrowly, the team eventually managed to settle into a style of play, which eventually put us into the semi-finals with our old derby rivals, Ottawa Technical High School. Of course, there were the inevitable 'individuals', the stars, but in the end, every player had given a good account of himself.

The defence, although a little unsure in the earlier part of the season, played outstandingly well, with Murray Walsh stopping even the most impossible shots-on-net, B. McCordick in centre with P. Wilson and S. Jay on each flank. The midfield was effectively controlled by the capable trio of M. Marion, B. Johnson, and alternately C. Veilleux and J. Beedell. The forwards, although slightly lacking in aim, succeeded in scoring many of what must be a record (48) goals. This line consisted of P. Johnston-Berresford, B. Fuller, with L. Zunenshine and I. Scarth on each wing. Last, but definitely not least, and without which the team could not have succeeded as far as it did, were the reserves. So therefore a special mention should be made for T. Kong, G. McKenna, J. Elmslie, and I. Higgins, all of whom played well, when unexpectedly called upon.

The playoffs brought us against several teams we had not played against before, but our fears of an untried "super-team" were unjustified as we disposed of each team in turn. In the finale, we were to come against our long time rivals, Ottawa Tech, to whom we unfortunately lost by 4-2.

Once again, I stress my thanks on behalf of the team, to everybody who helped and especially to our valued coach G. McGuire, without whom the team would have had just another typical season. It is with great regret that I shall leave the team, but with the young blood they have I wish them the best of luck and hope for a soccer revival in the summer.

P. JOHNSTON-BERRESFORD

1ST SOCCER SCORES

ASHBURY 0	B.C.S. 1
ASHBURY 1	LISGAR 5
ASHBURY 16	CARTIER 0
ASHBURY 2	OTTAWA TECHNICAL 3
ASHBURY 2	RIDEAU 3
ASBURY 2	LISGAR 0
ASHBURY 6	CARTIER 1
ASHBURY 0	STANSTEAD 4
ASHBURY 1	OTTAWA TECHNICAL 4
ASHBURY 6	RIDEAU 1
ASHBURY 2	OLD BOYS 6

Division Final: ASHBURY 2 OTTAWA TECHNICAL 4



SECOND FOOTBALL

This year as in the past, the Second Football Team maintained a perfect record. Instead of losing every game — we concluded the season undefeated!

Our victories resulted from long, hard hours of training after classes every day. Although everyone hated this rigorous schedule, it paid off in the end — as our record shows. We owe our outstanding success to our hardworking and diligent coaches: Messrs. Penton, Hyatt and Boyd who shaped our dreams of success into reality. Our thanks go to them for the time and effort they spent in developing our potential to play together as a team. Some of the teams we met this year were bigger and rougher but because of our superior training and coaching all members of our team came through the season unscathed. Unfortunately some of our good opponents experienced casualties.

With five wins and one tie, we have paved the way for future teams and notwithstanding that old axiom, "the winning of the game is secondary to the manner in which it is played", it certainly was a great feeling to beat our old rivals.

Although everyone in their own way contributed to our victories, honourable mention must be given to J. Biewald, T. Farquhar, I. Rhodes, A. Mierins, M. Lynch-Staunton, and V. Munteanu, who gave the rest of us the necessary inspiration to win and consequently uphold our school name.

W. W. STRASH



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SECOND SOCCER

Despite the lack of interest by both the administration and spectators the Second Soccer Team survived the season with great team spirit. (Even though we played against players with bushy mustaches and sideburns.) In fact, if team spirit had registered on the scoreboard we would not have lost a game.

There were no "most valuable players". Each goal was a result of team effort. Each good play and bad play was also the result of the players as a whole. There was no one outstanding player, just a group of determined soccer enthusiasts. We thank Mr. Lister for instilling in us the idea of having fun and enjoying the game.

The highlights of the season were the games with Sedbergh school. The "Sedbergh series" was tough and one game was played in a snowstorm. But nevertheless the sportsmanship was magnificent. The first game was won by Sedbergh (4-2). The next game was a 2-2 draw. The final game followed the pattern and was won by Ashbury 4-3.

Although we won only one game all season the whole team, under the guidance of Mr. Lister, had a good time and learned some soccer . . . and that is what is important.

IAIN JOHNSTON

Team	Score	
Sedbergh	4-2	lost
Sedbergh	2-2	draw
Sedbergh	4-3	won
Presentation High School	7-2	lost
Presentation High School	10-0	lost
Stanstead	3-1	lost
Selwyn House	4-2	lost
Selwyn House	1-0	lost
Bishops College School	4-2	lost



FIRST HOCKEY

Front Row: Chris Molson, Bill Fuller, Clermont Veilleux, Thady Murray, Benny Benedict, Paul Farquhar, Roger McGuire.
Back Row: B. Bellamy, Esq., Sandy Brown, Luc Desmarais, Les Zunenshine, Ian Bleackley, Blaine Johnson.
Absent: John Biewald, Chris Power, Scott Robertson.

Trophy Winners:

Most Valuable Player Blaine Johnson
Most Improved Player Bill Fuller

1st HOCKEY

This season, with most of our players rookies, as it were, the first team started slowly, but gained momentum as the season progressed. Only four players were carry-overs from the previous year, which resulted in several frustrating games in the Ottawa High School Hockey League. Our frustrations due to inexperience and lack of size slowly diminished over the season. By the end of regular season play our record was 4 wins against 16 losses, and at that we were not the worst team in the league. It must be pointed out that the calibre of hockey in the league was very high. This can be borne out by the fact that Ridgemont who had difficulties in winning our division went on to be finalists in the All-Ontario Playoffs. The end of the league games were in a sense the beginning of our hockey team.

At the LCC tournament our team displayed more ability and poise against the other private schools that we ever have in the past five years. Obviously we had profitted considerably by taking our lumps in the High School League. Our losses to Bishops and LCC were soon forgotten when in the final game against Stanstead we scored a 5 to 1 victory in which everyone played superlatively. From there we went on to defeat Highland Park, the Old Boys and the Masters, thus ending the season on a winning note. Most of the team should be back next year, bigger, stronger, more experienced and hopefully ready to pick up where they left off.

IAN BLEACKLEY

1st HOCKEY

1. Laurendeau (League)	Won	2-1	16. Laurendeau (League)	Lost	7-5
2. Canterbury (League)	Lost	7-0	17. Sir Wilfred Laurier	Lost	8-2
3. Sir Wilfred Laurier	Won	3-2	(League)		
(League)			18. Glebe	Lost	13-4
4. Hillcrest (League)	Lost	7-3	19. Hillcrest (League)	Tied	4-4
5. Laurendeau (League)	Lost	4-2	20. Ridgemont (League)	Lost	17-0
6. Canterbury (League)	Lost	6-2	21. Tech	Won	8-6
7. Sir Wilfred Laurier	Lost	10-2	22. Canterbury (League)	Lost	11-3
(League)			23. Highland Park	Won	4-1
8. Laurendeau (League)	Won	6-2	24. B.C.S. (Tournament)	Lost	1-0
9. Canterbury (League)	Lost	7-3	25. L.C.C. (Tournament)	Lost	8-3
10. Fisher Park	Lost	7-3	26. Stanstead	Won	5-1
11. Ridgemont (League)	Lost	14-0	(Tournament)		
12. Sir Wilfred Laurier	Lost	6-3	27. Younger Old Boys	Won	8-1
(League)			28. Older Old Boys	Won	9-3
13. Ridgemont (League)	Lost	8-0	29. Masters	Won	15-6
14. Hillcrest (League)	Lost	5-4			
15. Hillcrest (League)	Lost	4-1			



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SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

First row: (left to right): John Rogers, Tim Farquhar, Philip Sellers, Andy Christie, Robbie Surgenor.

Second row: Mr. Brian Boyd, Andy Brown, James Lay, Ian Rhodes, Scott Kirby.

Third row: John Mierins, Rod Heyd, David Green, Ron Burnett.

SECOND HOCKEY

This year we had lots of team spirit but we did not win as many games as we had hoped.

Our coach Mr. Boyd was great but despite his efforts not many of us are destined for the N.H.L. or even W.H.A. A few of our stars were Tim 'garbage goal' Farquhar, Ron 'the fluke' Burnett and our goalie 'Otis the Greek' Vanikiotis. During our games, most of us were outsized except for Rod 'big bird' Heyd at 6'1" and Phil Grant at 6'2". Our specialist was Andy 'groover' Moore who could deke anyone out, especially himself. Along with Andy was our comedian John Rogers; between them they kept us in hysterics. The 'chokes' on our team were myself, and John 'slop shot' Mierins. We gave Bryan (our coach) ulcers.

The team was captained by Tim Farquhar assisted by Ian Rhodes and 'cookie' Christie. The highlights of the fourteen game season were the overnight trips to Stanstead and Amherst.

On the whole we had a great season, and I am certain we had as much or more fun than any other previous Ashbury team.

IAN RHODES

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Kevin Reeves

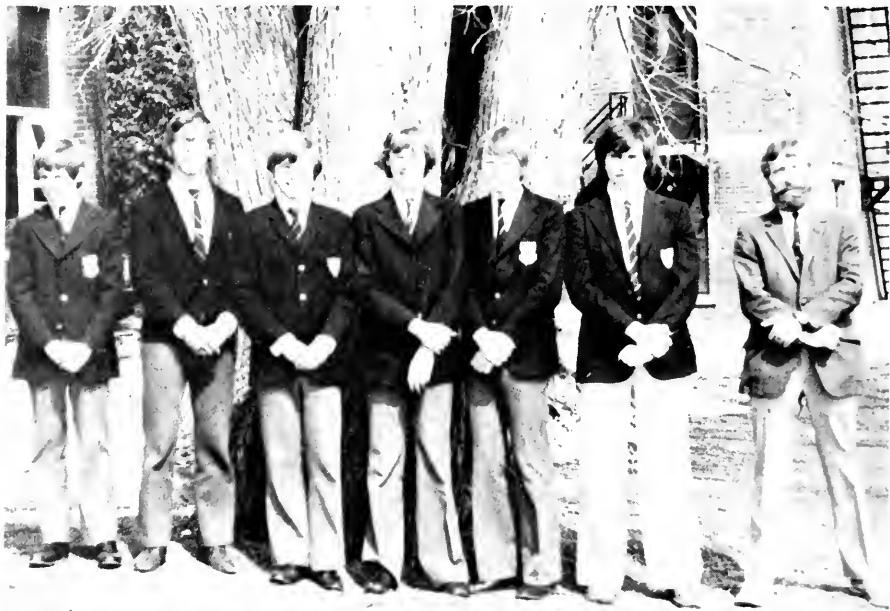
SKIING

The race over, the Ashbury and Sedbergh ski teams had gathered in a classroom and were sipping something hot. There were discussions on the various reasons Sedbergh had won the meet, and about the many "wipeouts" particular skiers had taken, and the inevitable comparisions between schools. Bad and good jokes alike were cracked and all the team members clambered into the van. We knew that it had all been worthwhile; the tumbling out of bed when all else seemed peaceful and quiet, the cold feet, the endless instructions uttered from the coach, Mr. Niles, about what to do, and how we must remember we are guests and not to be nervous or to panic — the excitement and the experience as a whole. This more than a long list of wins and losses sums up the general feeling about the skiing program; it is more than lonely treks across deserted fields or along trails tunneled through thick woods. At the end of the season, each team member knew that he had accomplished something (something more than cold feet), and that the exertion had been worth while.

GRAEME CLARK

Nevertheless an inexperienced Ashbury ski team performed well against excellent Sedbergh racers! During the winter Ashbury competed in four ski meets, the general trend being one of rapid progress. Although our team did only mildly well in the Ottawa High School meet, and lost the informal challenge with Sedbergh, the team placed third in their division at the Ottawa Valley High School Ski Meet and went on to win the Independent Schools meet.

RICHARD SELLERS



SKI TEAM

Left to right: Nick Brearton, Jeff Beedell, Richard Sellers, Blake Finnie, Graeme Clark, Bill Johnston, Mr. K. D. Niles.



CURLING TEAM

Left to right: Chris Stehr, Michael Lynch-Staunton, Peter Steacy, Adrian Brookes, Mr. E. Green.

CURLING 1974-1975

It was a very good year for the curling team, skipped by Michael Lynch-Staunton, with third, Peter Steacy, second, Christopher Stehr, and lead, Adrian Brookes. We came third in our division in the city league, but unfortunately the strike by the Ottawa Board teachers cut our season short. We entered in the Tiny Herman bonspiel, winning our first game 6-5 over Glebe High School. We came back from a 5-0 deficit to win this game. The next day we played Laurentian High School in a good game, but unfortunately we lost 6-5 thus eliminating us from competition in this bonspiel. On February 16, we went down to Montreal to compete in the first annual C.B.R.C.C.C. Montreal — Ottawa junior bonspiel. We played a total of three games against Montreal area schools, winning one and losing the other two. Next year Ottawa will be host to some schools from Montreal, and we hope to participate again. We would like to thank Mr. Green for his coaching and assistance, and look forward to a better season next year.

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SNOWSHOEING

Snowshoeing, as a winter sport at Ashbury, once again experienced a mild state of success.

Although it was not a competitive sport, we did get a lot of exercise walking and running through the parks, and it was always of much interest to find the most obscure trails to walk or climb through. Sometimes these trails would take us to toboggan hills and at other times we would climb up and down the cliffs at the Ottawa River. At times, even, some of our members could be seen on the roofs of buildings in the parks.

Snowshoeing may seem to be a dull sport, but as in anything, it can be as much fun as you want to make it.

Our thanks go to Mr. Hyatt, who must take all the blame for this sport. Without his fearless leadership surely many of us would have perished in the Rockcliffe wilderness. I look forward to another season of snowshoeing next year.

MICHAEL EVANS

SWIM TEAM

The three-member Ashbury Swim Team had another successful season. Arnie Mierins, Wally Strash and Matt Marion, who comprise the team, train and compete with Ottawa city teams.

All three swimmers qualified for the Ottawa High School finals where Arnie Mierins placed 1st and 2nd, Wally Strash finished his events with a third and fourth and Matt Marion recorded two firsts, breaking the city record for the 50 fly.

The three swimmers then went on to the county finals and once again finished well up in the competition. Wally Strash had fourth and fifth place finishes, Arnie Mierins third and fourth and Matt Marion first and third.

At the Ontario Provincial Senior Age Group championship meet in Toronto in May, Matt finished first in the 100 yd. fly.

MATT MARION

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INTER-HOUSE SWIM MEET

Each year the Inter-House Swim Meet offers some truly suspenseful competition. The suspense lies in the fact that instead of a total point count being known only at the end of the competition, one gradually watched the points mount up as the races proceeded. This year's match reached the pinnacle of tension, particularly towards the end, since up to the second-to-last race, it was still possible for either side to win.

Connaught pulled well ahead in the opening relays, and continued to hold its excellent lead up until the width events. As with most of the meets, a few outstanding swimmers carried away most of the wins. Particularly notable performances were put on by Stewart Gray and Matthew Marion of Connaught, and Jeff Beedell, Arnie Mierins and Paul Deepan of Woolcombe. The width events, three-quarters of the way through the meet, added a tremendous boost to Woolcombe's possibilities of winning. During these events, designed for those who are not really swimmers but ardently support their house, Woolcombe pulled up by nearly 30 points — to only two points behind Connaught. This tremendous

advance would certainly attest to the true degree of participation of Woolcombe boys, since sheer numbers of house patriots are what counts here. The prefects creamed the teachers in the next race despite an outstanding — in the true sense of the word — performance by Mr. Bellware.

Finally, the last three events — the final relays — came around. Mr. Robertson, the supervisor of the meet, announced that to win the competition, Woolcombe would have to win all three relays. It certainly seemed to be a formidable task. Miraculously, Woolcombe won the first one. The atmosphere suddenly tensed, with each Woolcombe swimmer thinking incredulously to himself, "My God, we might actually win this thing!" It was certainly a sobering moment, for Woolcombe had lost the swim meets for the past four years. One could easily see the renewed fervour which enveloped the Woolcombe swimmers, for in the second-to-last race each one tore down the pool, straining himself to the limit and diving into the pool the instant the previous relay touched the edge. To the astonishment of all, Woolcombe won, or so it appeared — by a lead of half-a-length. The suspense reached its apex at the realization that the whole event would hinge on the last race. But, as it turned out, one of Woolcombe's swimmers, in his zeal to bring victory to his house, had plunged perhaps a fraction of a second before the previous swimmer had touched the edge. Alas, Woolcombe was disqualified. All hope lost, the house was also disqualified from the final race, to lose by the narrow margin of 247 to 262. But, as with every year, those who really tried in the event had some good, exhilarating, wet fun.

I. S. D. HIGGINS

CYCLING ARTICLE

It was a very successful year for the cycling club at Ashbury College this year which was headed up by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Macoun. Approximately 12 boys took part in this club and every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, weather permitting, we would go to various places such as Hog's Back, Champlain Bridge, Hull, and Britannia via the N.C.C. cycle paths. On the day before closing we had a pleasant ride with some parents and other students along the bicycle paths in the Gatineau.

PETER STEACY

TRACK AND FIELD

The interscholastic "Track and Field" team, under the competent direction of the two coaches, Mr. Gray and Mr. Wallin, had an enjoyable if not successful season.

Due to the Ottawa High School Teachers' strike, no Ottawa meet was held. However, the team travelled to Stanstead College for two days in early May, to compete against B.C.S., S.C.S. and the local high schools. John Biewald and Steve Comis won two firsts in jumping events, and two thirds on the track, respectively.

On the local front, a few students qualified for the Ottawa Valley meet on the basis of previous efforts. The competition was steep but Ian Kayser persevered to place second in the midget Javelin. This effort qualified him for the All-Ontario meet, which is an honour that no Ashbury athlete has earned for several seasons. The only complaint of the track team this year was that they had to dodge softballs while running their laps. Hopefully this unnecessary danger to the sport can be remedied next spring, by cooperatively staggering the times of the softball games and the rival track practices.

Congratulations to all the "Track and Field" members and again a special thanks to the coaches.

JEFF BEEDELL

TOUCH FOOTBALL

About 25 boys, mostly from years one and two, participated in a new addition to the Fall term games programme this year. They played touch-football on a nearby field.

Teams were chosen each day, and games were often fast and full of excitement. Mr. Bellware and Mr. O'Keefe officiated and provided valuable lessons in good sportsmanship and the tactics of the game.

Though our games often lacked the "big game" atmosphere with which we associate football, everyone had a good time and no one left without improving his playing and/or his chances for the School team next year.

R. J. TERVO

SPRING TERM RUGBY

This year about three dozen boys learned what a game of rugby can be — a rough, filthy, padless brogue of tremendously fast-moving, exhilarating sport, in which each player is engulfed in the satisfaction of good, solid fun. After a couple of innocent games of "touch", we moved on to our first game of "tackle" and found out just what the sport is about. Claude Pardo had his jersey grabbed by another player in an attempt at tackle, and in whirling around in an effort to escape, Claude wound up with his jersey trailing below the shoulders in a ribbon seven feet long. Undaunted, he wrapped his new inter-connected white scarf rakishly around his neck, R.A.F. style, and threw the ball into the scrum. . . . Robinson had his T-shirt ripped completely off his back in the same game, saying, "What are you guys?" The ground that day was concrete-hard, and no-one escaped without a bruise, a scrape, a kick or a scratch, or — in Pardo's case — a "bloody tit". But no player had any comment to make at the end of the game, but that rugby was one of the finest sports played. There is, in fact, a certain sense of bravado in playing a game much rougher than football without pads.

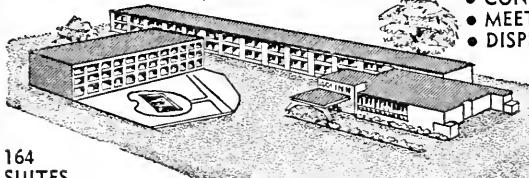
The deeking-out rate varied considerably from day to day, and it was frequently necessary for Mr. Inns, the senior Rugby coach, to join in the game, crashing through the lines and tackling furiously. Mr. Robertson instructed a similar group of junior boys.

The highlight — and grand finish — of the season was the Inter-House Rugby Match. The day had been a wet one, and the field was virtually a sea of mud in the centre. Somehow these conditions seem ideal for rugby, although without cleats (actually Woolcombe was outnumbered four-to-one in pairs of illegal cleats) we slid and skidded more than ran around the field, and the ball seemed to be impossible to hold onto, making us all look like "butter-fingers". Woolcombe scored the first try by a fluke. The ball had been kicked over the goal line into the end-zone. As the Connaught players walked dazedly around the ball, assuming the play had stopped, a somewhat swifter Woolcombe player ran and dived on the ball — no whistle had blown. The score remained unchanged until well into the second half, when Woolcombe again scored. Connaught then scored twice, one on a breakthrough by Peter Johnson-Berresford, covering a third of the field. With only minutes left, however, Woolcombe scored the winning try, to win the well-fought game 21-14. Everyone who actively participated in the rugby season seemed to share in a congenial, competitive, unique camaraderie in playing a good game to have a good time.

I.S.D. HIGGINS

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Above: Tony Graham.
Right: Michael Moore.



Above: Andy Moore.
Right: John Mierins.
Below: Chris Molson.
Below right: Jeff Beedell.



Adrian Brookes

THE ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD DAY RESULTS (CONNAUGHT — 346 points; WOOLLCOMBE — 261 points)

Junior 220: Ron Burnett (Connaught) — 28.4 secs.
Intermediate 220: Ian Kayser (Woolcombe) — 26.3 secs.
Senior 220: Steve Comis (Connaught) — 24.6 secs.
Intermediate Javelin: Ian Kayser (Woolcombe) — 145' 10.5''
Senior Javelin: David Leigh (Connaught) — 129' 2''.
Junior Discus: Geoffrey Stevens (Connaught) — 86' 8''.
Intermediate Discus: Andy Christie (Woolcombe) — 94' 6''.
Senior Discus: Steve Comis (Connaught) — 96' 6''.
Junior High Jump: Ron Burnett (Woolcombe) — 4' 9½''.
Intermediate High Jump: Scott Robertson (Connaught) — 5' 2''.
Senior High Jump: Bill Fuller (Connaught) — 5' 3''.
Junior One Mile: Ron Schwarzman (Connaught) — 5' 20.8''.
Open Mile: John Mierins (Connaught) — 5' 10.4''.
Junior Long Jump: Rick Adrian (Connaught) — 15' 1¾''.
Intermediate Long Jump: John Biewald (Woolcombe) — 17' 8''.
Senior Long Jump: Paul Farquhar (Woolcombe) — 18' 4½''.
Junior Shot Put: Geoffrey Stevens (Connaught) — 34' 4½''.
Intermediate shot put: Claude Pardo (Woolcombe) — 39' 1''.
Senior Shot Put: Jim Donnelly (Connaught) — 37' 7½'' (12 lbs)
Junior 440: Geoffrey Stevens (Connaught) — 63.8 secs.
Intermediate 440: Jeff Beedell (Woolcombe) and Jeff Williams (Connaught)
61.2 secs.
Senior 440: Andy Brown — 61 secs.
Junior 100: Rick Adrian (Connaught) — 11.6 secs
Intermediate 100: Ian Kayser (Woolcombe) — 11.8 secs.
Senior 100: Chris Molson (Connaught) — 10.6 secs.
Intermediate 880: Jeff Beedell (Woolcombe) — 2' 17.9''
Senior 880: Bill Fuller (Connaught) — 2' 17.4''



In praise of Cyril Currier: The Annual Sports Dinner, March 1975.



Above: Bill Fuller.
Below: Guy Warwick, Colin Byford, Mike Pearson, Nick Bejkosalaj.



Steve Comis

Ron Burnett.



Above: Mr. Bellware protects his anonymity.

Adrian Brookes



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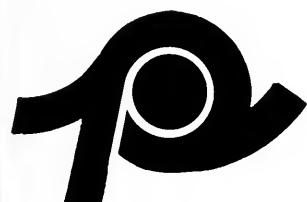
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CRICKET CHAIRMAN'S SIDE VS. THE HEADMASTER'S SIDE

At 9:30 a.m. on Prize Day, the Headmaster's side opened the batting led by Mr. McGuire and Mr. Robertson. The pair got off a fast start with McGuire scoring 39 and Robertson 14. Mr. Anderson followed with 5 runs, Peter Johnston-Berresford with 1 and Mr. Crockett with 3. Bowling for the Chairman's side was shared by Mr. D. Rhodes (3 for 0), Mr. E. Cahn (13 for 1), Mr. Sellers (8 for 0), Mr. P. Taticek (19 for 0), Mr. A. Powell (9 for 3), and Mr. J. Batts (3 overs, 2 maiden overs, 1 run, 2 wickets).

With an hour and a half to score 74 runs, the Chairman's side got off to a shaky start with the first 4 wickets falling for 0 runs. Mr. Batts, however, proving to be as competent a batter as he is a bowler, averted disaster by holding his wicket for 36 runs before being bowled out by Mr. Joyce. He was assisted towards a last minute win by Messers Sellers (13 runs), Gill (10 runs), Powell (5 runs), and the Chairman himself with 4 runs.

Mr. Joyce and Dr. Deepan bowled very effectively with 4 for 18 and 3 for 16 records respectively. Other bowlers included Mr. Lister (7 for 0), Mr. Macoun (8 for 0), Mr. Anderson (3 for 0), Mr. Crockett (7 for 0), Mr. Robertson (2 for 1), and Peter Johnston-Berresford (13 for 0).

Mr. Ted Marshall did a superb job preparing the wicket. The weather was perfect and the game was enjoyed by all. Many of us, indeed, wished the game could have gone on all day.

Ted Marshall umpired along with Mr. Grierson and Mr. J. Whitcher kindly consented to keep the score book.

D. D. L.



Above: E. Cahn at bat, G. McGuire at wickets, H. Penton at square leg, Ted Marshall umpiring.



Photos by Peter Wilson



Photo Courtesy of The Ottawa Citizen

SPORTS AWARDS

Front center: Ian Bleackley: Lee Snelling Trophy for most valuable player, Sr. Football.
Left: Bill Fuller: The Perry Trophy for most improved player in Senior Soccer.
Centre: Jeff Beedell: The Coristine Cup for the most valuable Senior Skier.
Right: Claude Pardo: The Mike Stratton Memorial Trophy for the best lineman in Sr. Football.

Football Prospects for 1911.

Everything looks bright and rosy for a prosperous football season. Although the old colours are few and far between, there is some very likely new material, which makes the team fairly formidable, and promises to make the season at least an interesting one to those who follow our games.

I will now spend a few moments on the most likely looking crew for this year's team. At fullback we have J. V. Thomas, who has condescended to lend his services. He is a good kick and plays his position well, but sometimes tackles high.

Left half will be occupied by D. Verner, one of last year's old colours. He is a beautiful tackle and a very steady man, who helps greatly (when he doesn't miss trains).

Centre half, A. Naismith. He makes an able and energetic captain, and is an example to the rest of his team. He is a judicious kick and fast runner, but a little slow in tackling.

Davis will fill the right half's position. He is the fastest man on the team, and can dodge through anything, but is a little weak on catching.

Right outside will be filled by A. Beddoe, an old colour who is one of the best tackles and most useful men on the team. His passing is a little slow yet.

Left outside is rather doubtful thus far, as Irvin won't train, and we need a well trained team, so unless things change there will have to be a new outside found.

Right middle may be held by Wickware, who plays a fair game, but talks back a little too much.

Left middle will be occupied by W. Thompson (brother of the famous Andy of last year's aggregation). He is a good man on the line but his tackling is a little weak, but is improving.

Sample is a sure fixture at right outside. He is our leading buck artist, and is like some pile driver when he gets going. He also is a good tackle.

Left inside may be held by St. Laurent, who is very weak not listening to signals but may improve.

R. White will most likely hold left scrimmage. He has just arrived from the village of Pembroke and his playing abilities are not as yet known to the general public.

B. Heney is our right scrimmage. He is the heavy weight of the nobility, and an industrious sixth former. He has a few bad habits, such as gently taking an opponent by the hair, outside of that he is all right.

Centre scrimmage will most likely be filled by Strubbe, our Frenchman, who says: "Trow de ball inside out to me, sometimes, maybe." He gets very excited and forgets to heel the ball out.

W. G. Gibbs is our star quarter. He is a good man, but acts like a plough horse in distress when the signals get crossed.

Hennessy, Carling I, and Lowe will be our trusted spares, who may be called upon to do great things before the season closes.

Our coach is the famous Dave McCann, of the Ottawa Rough Riders, a man who knows every play and how to teach them. He is doing his best to make a championship team out of the aforesaid players, and we all wish him luck.



House near Axminster, England, by David Carlson

Literary Section

ON A CLEAR DAY

The old man trudged along the sunny street. In his right hand, he carried a meagre lunch in a paper bag. In his left hand, he carried a battered cane. His destination was the local park where he would spend the day enjoying the fine weather and the goings-on there.

Thoughts passed through his head of past times when he had taken his grand-children to the park. How he had relished those occasions when he was able to spend time with them joining in their simple games and telling them stories. Now they had grown up and left the old man alone in the park.

He found an empty bench near the park's merry-go-round. Soon he was aware of a group of little girls singing rhymes. His full concentration became focused on this tiny choir. When they finished singing, he applauded them vigorously. The little girls smiled bashfully and giggled with delight. His applause ceased abruptly when he found he was being glared upon fiercely by a cluster of young mothers across the park. He looked at the ground, flushed and embarrassed.

Moments later the mothers had forgotten him and gone back to their sewing and gossip. He turned his attention to the merry-go-round which was being spun by the boys and girls. The merry-go-round began to spin faster and faster. The old man grew anxious that one of the children might fall off since it was spinning very fast. His anxiety was well founded for within seconds a small girl flew off the merry-go-round. She immediately began to cry and her knee started to bleed. The children took no notice of her. The young women continued their discussions unaware of the child's pain. The old man glanced at the mothers once, then twice. He decided to take the situation into his own hands.

He got up and hobbled across to the little girl. After bringing out a kleenex he wiped her eyes and put his arm around her to comfort her. He told her she would be very fine soon as he wiped the cut on her knee with a handkerchief. She soon stopped crying and smiled prettily. She reminded him of his little grand-daughter. He fished into his paper bag and brought out a cookie which he gave to her saying she was a brave girl. Suddenly, he heard a curt, feminine voice behind him: "Thank you, but I don't think she needs your cookie."

A scowling young mother grabbed the child's hand, turned, and marched away dragging the child behind her. The rest of the mothers hurried briskly over to the merry-go-round and took their children in the same manner.

The park emptied within moments leaving the old man standing alone in the middle. A feeling of shock and disillusionment overwhelmed him. He felt weak and empty. He stumbled back to the bench where he tried to put together his thoughts. Two young policemen appeared in the park. They walked straight over to the old man. One of them said sternly: "You'd better come with us old timer." The other took his arm roughly and led him to the patrol car waiting outside the park. He was taken straight to the police station. There, he was told he would have to spend the night in jail to 'cool off'. In a semi-trance he was shown to a cell and the door was locked behind him.

When he was able to grasp the situation in full reality, not as a peculiar nightmare, he realized that he was not alone. On the other bunk lay a boy about sixteen or seventeen years old.

"Why are you here, son?" he asked quietly.

"I stole a car," was the reply.

"How come?" asked the old man.

"It was a dare," the lad answered in a choked voice.

“Do you have any parents?”

"Yeah, but they don't care where I am."

The conversation went on well into the night. They spoke on various topics, the old man listening intensely to the boy's words. In turn, he offered advice and support to the boy.

In the morning the old man was allowed to leave the cell. As he was going, he said to the boy: "Good luck, sonny, and take care." The boy smiled unhappily.

When the old man passed the front desk he stopped and spoke to the duty officer.

"How much is the bail on the boy who I shared the cell with?"

"Fifty dollars," was the bored reply.

He dug into his pockets and found a dog-eared cheque book and wrote out the sum. He handed it to the attendant.

"I hope that will let him out soon."

The officer took the cheque and looked at the old man with obvious curiosity.

"Of course, sir."

The old man slowly limped out of the station. He took a moment to enjoy the morning sunshine. At the same time, he worried about how he was going to explain his absence overnight to his family.

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There lies Reality, under a tree;
Feel what you touch, know what you see.

Social gymnastics form an ideal;
Fun for a while, but are they real?

J. S. D. HIGGINS



MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

As in previous years, The Chaplain arranged for a group of Ashbury and Elmwood students to go on a cruise through the Eastern Mediterranean. The cruise itself lasted 13 days, and took us to six countries in three continents. The ship was the S. S. Uganda, operated by the British India Steam Navigation Co. Ltd.

We left Ottawa on March 9 at 8:00 p.m. and arrived in Amsterdam the following morning at 9:00 a.m. after a full night's flying. Upon landing we were taken to our hotel and presently started a tour of the city. That day we visited the Rijksmuseum where many of the Dutch Masters' paintings are located (including Rembrandt's famous "Nightwatch"). After that we took a scenic ride through the canals of the city, visiting the old sections and the new.

Day two brought us to the Coster Diamond Factory to see how diamonds are cut and mounted, then on to the museum of modern art (including Van Gogh's works). Some of us went to see Ann Frank's house while others simply wandered about Amsterdam to do shopping and sightseeing.

While we were in Holland, we visited Marken and Volendam, two cities of rustic charm, where we saw the old ways of life in the Netherlands. We also visited a cheese factory (Edam cheese—delicious!) and a wooden shoe factory. All too soon we left Amsterdam for Jugoslavia.

We arrived in Split, Jugoslavia in the afternoon of Thursday, March 13 and while there visited Diocletian's Palace, from the times of the Roman Empire, a bazaar, the town zoo, the ruins of Salona (an ancient Roman city), the Riviera of the Seven Castles, and a small town not far from Split where we saw an old Cathedral that took three centuries to build.

While some of us were visiting these places, others went on an all-day trip to Mostar, a town situated in the Dalmatian countryside. This trip also included the seven castles.

On Friday night we left Jugoslavia bound for Egypt. We arrived in Alexandria after three days of sailing and it felt very good to stand on dry land again. That day we visited Cairo, the capital and largest city of Egypt. We saw the Citadel, the Alabaster Mosque, the Pyramids and the Sphinx. We also visited the Cairo Museum where we saw all of the treasures found in King Tutankhamen's tomb.

The next morning we set sail once more. After one day at sea we arrived in Beirut, Lebanon. In the morning we visited Byblos, the ancient capital of the Phoenician Empire. There we saw a Crusader Temple, a Crusader castle, a Roman Amphitheatre, a tomb of one of the Phoenician Kings, and an obelisque temple. In the afternoon we went our own ways about Beirut. Most spent the time shopping while some went to the Beirut Museum, which contained many treasures from the time of the Phoenicians right up until the Roman Empire. It is interesting to note that the Phoenicians were the first people with an alphabet.

That night we sailed down the coast to Haifa, Israel's largest port and third largest city. We visited Jerusalem and Bethlehem where we toured the Church of the Nativity which contains the grotto of Nativity, the place where Christ was born. We viewed the Dead Sea although we did not actually go down to it.

Jerusalem is a city made up of two parts. In the new part, we saw the Knesset (Israeli Parliament) and the building which houses the Dead Sea Scrolls. The old city was probably the most interesting. There we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the places where Christ's tomb is said to be and the Wailing Wall, the only wall left standing of Solomon's Temple. There we also saw the Via Dolorosa, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Dome of the Rock. We drove up to the Mount of Olives which offers a startling view of the City.

Once more we set sail and after two days at sea, we landed at Izmir, Turkey. Here we visited Ephesus, one of the oldest cities in the world. We saw the House of the Virgin Mary, Hadrian's Temple, the Arcadian Way, the Marble Avenue, and the great Amphitheatre where Paul addressed the Ephesians.

The next day we were in Greece. We went into Athens and some of us went shopping while others went to the Acropolis, where we saw the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Caryatides, the Temple of the Wingless Victory, and the theatre. Afterwards we all went to the Blythe's house for dinner. The Blythes are in Greece working with the Canadian Government. It was a great evening.

Before boarding our plane for Amsterdam and Canada, we were able to wander about the Piraeus and the Acropolis.

It was a very enjoyable trip and we all look forward to the possibility of doing it again next year. We all owe our sincerest thanks and appreciation to the Reverend "Jeep" Green of Ashbury and Mrs. Whitwill of Elmwood for making the trip such a success.

DAVID WELCH

THE FIRST. THE BEST. THE LAST. THE WORST

I looked down at my skis and pretended to adjust my bindings. "My God, what am I doing to myself?" I thought.

My stomach seemed to disappear and a hollow sensation swelled in its place.

I glanced at the kicker. It seemed to be a mountain. Faces surrounded it. Faces that were detached from the bodies, all staring at me. I straightened up. I was going to do it. I had to. I was expected to. My heart beat faster.

Cautiously, I went down the in-run. The faces grew closer, huge bloated faces, mocking, uncaring, hostile, floating in and out at me like waves. Panic.

No!

My skis turned away from the kicker and stopped. Somewhere behind me a burst of laughter. At me?

I trudge, defeated, back up the in-run.

A second chance, though. A vague notion of power as I glide down the in-run. Strength grows, the kicker dominates, faces fade.

Off the kicker, catapulted into oblivion. Another dimension of weightlessness, confusion and timelessness. The reality of our world melts into a potpourri of opening colour.

Then with a jolt, the real world comes again into the right perspective. Faces again crowd me. Impressed faces.

On to higher things now.

Some weeks later, again, I look down at my skis. But there is no fear. The faces are expectant. I am reminded of the Roman Colosseum, as I, a gladiator, glance around at the people.

The skis glide into the familiar trail. The crowd is curiously silent.

I hit the jump. Air. Turning. Slowly. Slower, stalled. My eyes are filled with white snow coming closer. Then the world stops. My head drills into the snow, my back arches past breaking point. The wind is squashed out of my fragile body.

Faces again crowd around me. Caring faces.

I stare back at them, uncomprehending, feeling the blood trickle out of my mouth to form candy-coating on the snow. Faces turn away.

The thumbs are down.

On to higher things now.

DAVID CARLSON

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BY GOSH THE PRICE IS HIGH

John Jones drove his old Chevy Vega down between the trim suburban houses, all roughly the same, row on row. The Chevrolet people had assured him that he really "saved, saved, saved" on the fuel economizing Vega, even though Vegas invariably disintegrate after a couple of years.

He coaxed the derelict into the three-car garage which housed only one car and shut off the ignition, waiting a few seconds afterwards for the engine to stop. An old TV commercial still haunted his mind. "Hear that," it went, "it's called 'Run-On'. It can be cured by using more expensive higher octane gasoline, but why not save and buy Gulf No-Nox, not as expensive as premiums . . ." He had bought this magical "No-Nox", but his engine still ran on merrily.

He was greeted by his saliva-spewing dog, Spot, and two of his four cute young affectionate children, Dick and Jane. (The other two, Sally and Sam, were happily married).

"Hi, Honey!" he said to his wife, Marge, giving her a perfunctory kiss.

"Hi, dear. Have a nice day at the office?"

"Oh, not too bad; boy, am I bushed." The day could have been five years before, or five years later, and the words would have been exactly the same, thought Jones.

Jones ensconced himself in an "E-ZY" chair, bought on discount at Flim-Flam's which had it, yes, Flim-Flam's had it all. He had been presented with his pipe, slippers and paper, the latter having been brought in by Spot, who now sat at his master's feet. It was slimed over with saliva. Jones waited for dinner. His wife, who was content to believe that Eskimos lived in igloos and chewed walrus blubber (and was content to believe anything else in "National Geographic"), designed her menu around Loblaw's weekly special. He should, thought Jones, be able to guess what he would have to gulp down that evening. Probably, to start with, a Campbell's "Man-Handler" soup, to be followed by a Swanson "Hungry Man" TV dinner, with that Extra Helping of Meat he always was supposed to ask for, although he never dared to. He found, however, that the TV dinner people simply replaced one large piece of meat with two small ones, and he still ended up famished.

To be eaten with these delights would be stale Wonder Bread (the "Fresh Guys"), with ghastly yellow margarine. (Marge was a Monarch Mom).

To finish off with, he would probably have a cup of 97.2% caffeine removed "Pride of Madagascar" coffee. It was also 97.2% flavour removed, as well. In it he would dump heaps of "Coffee-Date".

"Tastes great,
Coffee-Date kills the flavour,
So that Coffee-Date makes your cup of
Coffee taste great."

Jones wondered, as he frequently did, whether this was the life he had envisaged as being a bowl of cherries. He was, he imagined, happy, or at least contented. He liked his job — as an advertising agent in a vast conglomeration — and he loved his wife, even though it meant he was doomed to TV Dinners. He was secure: he was well insured, for everything from a broken finger to a broken TV aerial. He had a good steady job, a nice efficient house in the suburbs, he had "some beer", a 50 ale, with the boys every Sunday after a game of scrub, and yet, somehow . . .

Security worked both ways, like a cage. It kept the big dark world out, but also kept himself in. Every day, week, month, year was to be monotonously the same. He thought, "I have no future, or rather, my future is too certain." He would receive an average raise of 5.39% per year, and would be promoted every eight years or so to a slightly higher rank. At the end of it all, he would retire to his "dream house" in the country and play golf with the Boys and tiddlywinks with his grand-children, after receiving a gold-plated pocket watch from his company, bought wholesale in groups of three dozen.

But it wasn't the money, really; he could get twice as much and it wouldn't really make much difference, he would have Orange Juice

With Natural Vitamin C
From the Florida Sunshine Tree

every morning for the rest of his life anyway. It was just that . . .

His future was mapped out, and while there was no chance of total economic collapse in the family, there was also no chance of total success. Perhaps, if he had started in some struggling little company, he would probably not have made as much, or done as well — he might even have lost out altogether — but there was always the slim chance that the company would sky-rocket, at least one could always hope. As it was, the giant conglomeration he was in had no more chance of total bankruptcy — or astronomical profit — than U.S. Steel. He felt trapped, chained to his future. But where was the key to his cage? Even if he found it, could he find the door?

"What are you thinking about so seriously, Dear?" asked his wife, noticing his reverie. "Is everything all right at the office?"

"No, no," said Jones, "Nothing at all, I . . ." He felt like explaining his plight to her, but what could he say that she would understand?

"No, I was just thinking that we could take the kids to Howard Johnson's for lunch tomorrow, Honey," he invented.

"Aw, Gee, Dad, Super Neato!" agreed Dick.

Yes, Jones reflected, he has his security, but by gosh, the price was high.

IAN HIGGINS



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CHILDREN OF WAR

Not everyone knows the story of how
The soldier of war looked and lived.
Perhaps you have seen his sad face
In some old picture book.

Our generation we are told, has not known
The Glory of war,
The vanquished we are told fought . . .
And died . . . gallantly,
Their children we are told must hold their heads high,
And be brave.

But now we ask and we want to know
Will we be the vanquished?
And die gallantly?
So that they can tell our children . . .
Hold your heads high
And be brave?

Ad Infinitum.

W. STRASH

RED

I heard the mail slot open with a squeak. Then, a soft splat was audible as assorted letters descended upon the tiled floor. Marie walked over to me, clutching a hastily opened envelope in her hand.

She smiled. Her lips curled up slightly, to reveal glistening white teeth.

“It was ‘Red’,” she said, cheerfully.

“Really! Great! . . . God, I never thought they would, but they did — oh Hell,” I cried out excitedly.

They actually had chosen my manuscript, entitled ‘Red’. Those white-tied, Saks Fifth Avenue-dressed executives in their hallowed conference room had bypassed Mr. Dinnet’s entry in favour of mine. Their annual movie production would be based on a W. C. Chodikoff novel.

I stared at a soiled lampshade, then said, “You want to celebrate? Jay’s tavern, maybe, for a mug of beer . . . Hell, let’s go out to the White Bird for a chateaubriand for two, with onion soup au gratin . . . to start off . . .”

“And a double martini and baked Alaska,” Marie quickly added, laughing and tossing her hair.

* * *

That was three years ago. Today the Missus and I live in a fresh-smelling château near Aspen, a stone's throw from the slopes, in the winter, and an expensively furnished condominium on Oahu, in the summer.

I write obsessively. The snowflakes fall, the wind howls, the windows are crusted with frost and I write, interrupting my frantic scribbling with black coffee breaks. Palm trees sway in the wind, torrents of rain batter the glass panes of our condominium's sliding door, and I write, sipping fruit punch and munching on sweet pineapples.

I do hope you do not think me crazy — it is just that I aim to eventually create the most perfect, entertaining, grammatically correct blockbuster of a novel ever written by any damn author. Besides, I am not very good at anything else.

I just hope that Marie will be able to put up with me until I grow plump, middle-aged — leaning towards senile — and able to retire peacefully, immensely wealthy through my celebrated literary masterpieces.

Right now, she hates, despises, utterly detests red.

WAYNE CHODIKOFF

*COMPLIMENTS TO THE STAFF AND
STUDENTS*

J. CARLISLE HANSON, Q.C.



Hugh Christie

A STORY

The four big engines throb on. Impatient eyes scan the sky for fighters as the bomber approaches Germany.

The men in the turrets, like bugs in bell jars, twist their mounts to search for enemy planes. As they test their guns, white tracers fall away. But there is no enemy. Not yet. The sky is empty.

The bomber crosses the German frontier. They are over enemy territory. And suddenly the sky becomes dotted, then clouded, then black — with enemy fighters.

In the lead plane of the formation, gunner George Benson turns his turret so he can see the enemy. They are closing fast. Benson flicks off the safety on his two .50's. His hands are sweating. The first wave of fighters hits the formation.

Benson twists his turret furiously, trying to get a bead on the enemy. A fighter screams head on towards Benson, cannon blazing. Benson coolly lines up the plane and opens fire. The bullets tear into the fighter, its prop falters, the pilot bails out . . . a white explosion blinds Benson, and rocks the plane. He recovers, but before he can touch the trigger bar, the next fighter strikes.

Bullets tear into the bomber, making that funny whine of bullet against metal whenever they strike. The fighter rakes the huge plane from nose to tail and there are spider-like cracks on Benson's turret. Benson slumps over the trigger bar of his guns, and doesn't stir.

Benson wakes. He moves, and a sharp wave of pain shoots through his body. He feels the dried blood on his forehead.

It is night. Bright stars dot the sky. He is puzzled — they always landed before sundown. But not tonight. Tonight is very different . . .

Benson painfully slips out of his seat, and slowly climbs down into the cockpit. His vision is a little interrupted, but he can make out the two pilots, whose faces are weirdly illuminated by the lights on the instruments. He calls out to them, but there is no response. The plane is strangely quiet.

He calls again. No response. He runs his hand in front of the co-pilot's face. No movement, not a flinch. Benson staggers back, out of the cockpit. He slowly makes his way towards the back of the plane.

A thought enters Benson's mind. It lasts just a fraction of a second. But that was enough. If he hadn't caused any movement from the pilots . . . he must be invisible . . . dead, maybe — the pilots can't be dead, he saw them flying the plane . . . how can you fly if you're dead? Suddenly Benson felt very sick.

The plane lurches, and he is thrown forward onto the floor of the plane. As he falls, a figure, one of the waist-gunned, leaps forward at him.

The world twisted and turned crazily, and everything was hazy like fog in London, when he was on leave. It obscured everything. It was so thick that only the brightest of lights would penetrate it. Through the fog in his mind, Benson sees a light, faint at first, but growing brighter. Black, gray, yellow, white, bright, bright white.

He was still lying down, but not on the cold, hard stringers of the bomber — on crisp white sheets, on a soft mattress. There was something bent over him, saying something unintelligible. Repeating it, over and over. In a language strange to Benson.

The figure itself had the features of a human, but they were hazy and distorted, like reflections off a greasy kettle.

The chant. Over and over, not stopping, the creature 'talks' to Benson, in a weird, low murmur. Benson tries to close out the sound. He presses his head deeper into his pillow. Deeper, deeper. The sound gets louder and louder; the white begins to fade, he is suspended in space, in blackness, with no bonds he is free . . . without weight he flies . . . flies higher, higher, till he is higher up than anything else. Then he falls. He feels like he has just been slammed in the stomach with a sledgehammer. He falls, gyrating. The blackness swallows him . . . he sees blue ahead . . . spinning . . . can't see!

Blackness, gray, lightning, gray, white, blue. Blue sky. Benson is in the turret. He is pinned back, unable to move. The G forces created by the bomber's spin have him tied. He cannot move. With all his efforts, he turns his head.

Two, three, five, six, eight, nine. Nine parachutes blossom beside the dying plane. The tenth is trapped firmly to Benson. The ground comes nearer. He sees the features get larger, he sees the trees shoot up to meet him, and . . .

JOHN LUND

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I

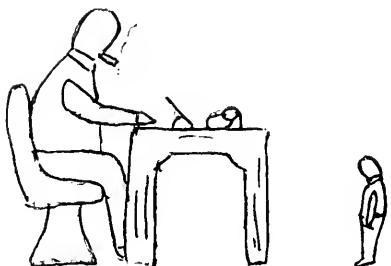
STILL RICHARD...

“Call Richard in, Will ya Jane”.

“Yes Sir. Right away.”

“Richard I have called you in here because I am dissatisfied with your work. It is sloppy and you know why. Damnit you’re lazy!

“I-I-I can’t help it.”



USELESS RICHARD

“Shut up: Christ, if your father hadn’t been president of the company you would never have been an office boy. But your father can’t help you now Richard. He’s dead, Richard, DEAD, and you’re through here also.”

“But s-sir”.

You’re nothing Richard, a big fat zero. You’re finished. Richard. Damnit. Your *USELESS, RICHARD, USELESS*. You belong in the gutter. Do you hear me. THE GUTTER. NOW GET OUT!!!!”

See Dick cry. Why, Dick why? Dick is sad. What shall he do? Poor, Poor Dick.

“Richard, what happened with the boss?”

“Aw Shut up. God. Shut that damn mouth and stupid typewriter.”

“The boss fired you, huh Richard? Know why? Because you’re stupid Richard, Stupid RICHARD!!



STUPID RICHARD

See Jane tease Dick. See Dick get mad. Dick is mad. See Dick *hit* Jane. Silly Silly Dick.

“Damnit Richard. Why can’t you keep a job. You’re just like your father. Useless, Lazy and Ignorant, Richard, Ignorant!!”

“Please motherrrrr. Help me, Please.”

“Oh for Pete’s sakes shut up that stupid crying. You’re twenty seven years old..”

“No, mother, you don’t care. Go to hell with your booze mother.”

“RICHARD!”



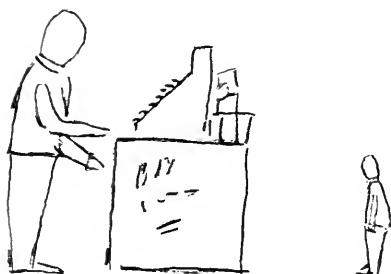
“Mother, please!” says Dick. See Dick cry. See Dick’s mother spank Dick. Bad Bad Dick.

IGNORANT RICHARD

“Aw. Get the hell outa here. You’ve been hanging around my store for hours. You’re scaring away business. Get outa here, Ya BUM!!

“Nooo, Noo please help me”.

“Scram bawfore I call de police.”



See Dick Run. Run Dick Run.
See Dick fall, fall into the gutter.
Clumsy, Clumsy Dick!

BUM RICHARD

“Oh God no, Please help me. I . . . am Richard . . . Richard. Useless Richard . . . Stupid Richard . . . Ignorant Richard . . . Bum Richard, b-b-but I’m *still* Richard.”



See Dick lie. Funny Funny Dick.
Dick will not get up. See Dick he very very
still. Still, still Richard . . .

STILL RICHARD

THE END.

2.

A TRAGEDY

The agony of the past weeks built up. Little things, not important, irritated him more and more until, no longer could he bear the pain. No more could he cope with the trouble of growing . . . life . . . yes. He knew what to do. The emotions exploded. He walked slowly but surely to the bathroom. The loneliness struck him. He opened the medicine cabinet and lifted the razor out. His hand was firm and determined. No longer was he confused. He was confident. He realized that it had to be done. He slowly raised the razor to his neck and promptly shaved his beard off.

Inspired by
D. D. Lister
G. E. Hyatt

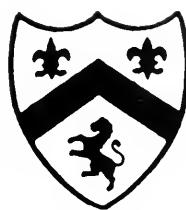
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JUNIOR
ASHBURIAN



ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA

VOLUME XX

1975

EDITOR OF THE JUNIOR ASHBURIAN — M. BRAVO
 FACULTY ADVISOR — D. L. POLK, Esq.

Day Boy Monitors
 Ross Baxter
 David Beedell
 Pierre La Traverse
 Vincent Rigby
 Martin Wostenholme

Boarder Monitors
 Michael Sutterlin
 David Tamblyn

Choir Monitors
 Michael Bravo
 James Puttick
 Tim Shearly

Merit Award Winners

C. L. Habets
 B. C. MacNair
 A. M. S. Paterson
 T. J. Sellers
 D. G. Tamblyn

House Captains

Senior Dragons — C. Rhodes
 Senior Goblins — L. Dunlop
 Senior Hobbits — M. Bravo
 Senior Wizards — H. Cuhaci

Junior Dragons — R. Haslam
 A. Paterson
 Junior Goblins — C. Leth-
 Steensen
 Junior Hobbits — T. Mensforth
 Junior Wizards — G. Gittens

Top House Point Winners

D. Beedell	— 81	M. Ferguson	— 68	D. Ritcey	— 55
M. Bravo	— 73	M. Wostenholme	— 67	D. Chomyn	— 54
T. Webb	— 70	T. Shearly	— 66	T. Sellers	— 54
P. La Traverse	— 69	J. Puttick	— 60	R. Tamblyn	— 54
		V. Rigby	— 58		

Boys whose M.L.T.S. Standing was 80% or better — Excused Final Examinations

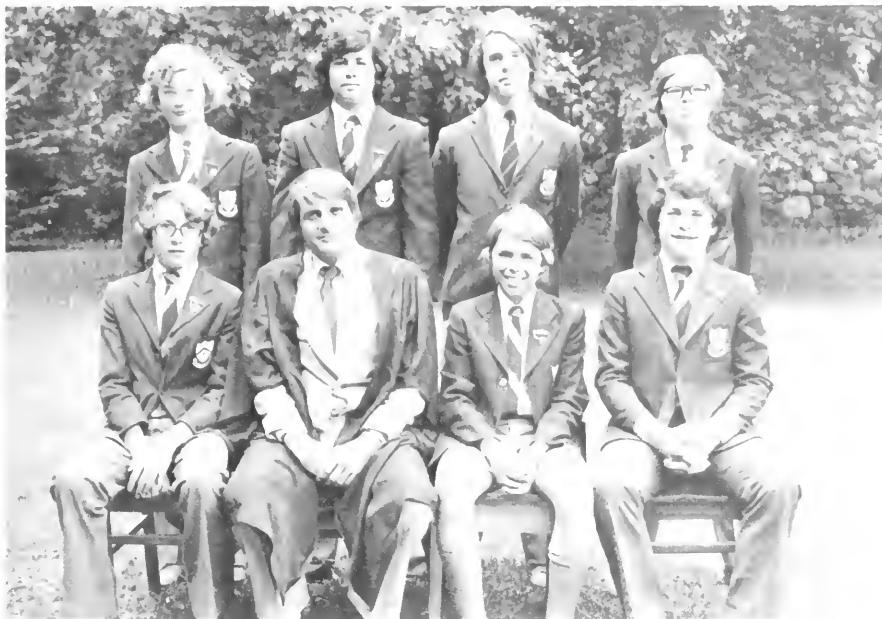
8A	8L	7A	6
D. Beedell	D. Chomyn	A. Johnston	B. Alper
M. Bravo	J. Lahey	J. Knox	K. Carter
M. Ferguson	B. MacNair	C. Leth-Steenenson	K. Hunt
P. Kadziora	D. Ritcey	G. McIntosh	R. Tamblyn
P. La Traverse	M. Wolff	A. Paterson	C. Wirth
L. Munro			5
V. Rigby	7		R. Bock
M. Wostenholme	T. Shearly		D. Moonjé
	A. Watson		T. Sellers

Librarians

M. Bravo	A. Johnston	C. Leth-Steenenson	T. Shearly
C. Habets	P. La Traverse	J. Puttick	T. Webb

Golden Boys (10 Colour Boards)

8A	7A	8L			
D. Beedell	10	C. Habets	8	D. Chomyn	9
M. Bravo	10	A. Johnston	9	J. Clark	8
M. Ferguson	10	J. Knox	7	B. MacNair	9
F. Habets	8	C. Leth-Steenenson	10	D. Ritcey	9
P. Kadziora	10	A. Paterson	9	C. Ryan	9
P. La Traverse	10	T. Webb	10	D. Tamblyn	9
G. Maclareen	8			M. Wolff	10
L. Munro	10	7			
J. Puttick	8	R. Haslam	7	6	
V. Rigby	10	T. Shearly	9	B. Alper	8
M. Wostenholme	10	A. Watson	7	H. Bui	10
			5	S. Chander	10
8K		R. Bock	8	K. Hunt	10
K. Mahoney	8	M. Kellerman	7	R. Tamblyn	8
M. Sutterlin	9	G. Pitsicoulis	9	C. Wirth	7
		T. Sellers	9		
		A. Nipperdey	4/5		



THE MONITORS 1974-1975

Back Row: M. C. Wostenholme, R. M. Sutterlin, L. R. Baxter, V. C. Rigby.
Front Row: D. G. Tamblyn, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., D. C. Beedell, P. V. La
Traverse.

EDITORIAL

This has been Ashbury's 84th year. I am writing this editorial to make you aware of the major events of the year and some of the changes.

This spring Dr. Tuzo Wilson was made the official School Visitor. Dr. Wilson, a prominent scientist in the field of continental drift, has been honoured with the Order of Canada, the highest award any Canadian may be given. He graduated from Ashbury in 1925.

There are new sports awards in the junior school. One is for the greatest effort and contribution of any player on the First Hockey Team. It was won by Andy Williams. The other recognizes the same effort on the Soccer Team. This was given to David Beedell.

This year in House Competition the Hobbits won easily, breaking the old record of 1,210 points set by the Dragons two years ago. The mighty Wizards, last year's champions, are currently in last place.

The junior school put on a play, directed by Mr. Lister, called "A Masque of Aesop". It proved to be a very entertaining production. Because of its great success, the junior school was awarded a half-holiday.

Last of all, but most worthy, was Slave Day, a day in which junior boys went around the village of Rockcliffe doing odd jobs for people, and raising over \$800 for a poor child we are supporting in Italy.

Finally, on behalf of Grade 8, I would like to thank all the great teachers of the junior school. We hope to find the senior school just as challenging.

MICHAEL BRAVO



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Back: L. T. Munro, B. D. McNair, M. T. Bravo, J. H. M. Knox.
Front: M. G. L. Ferguson, T. R. Webb, K. N. J. Hunt, C. Leth-Steensen.
Absent: M. C. Wostenholme.

THE STUDENT'S COUNCIL

This year a Student's Council was formed in the Junior School. There were two representatives from each class.

The Council served many purposes throughout the year. It helped organize dances between Ashbury and Elmwood. These took place during the fall and winter terms.

Any suggestions which a student had about the operation of the school were brought to the attention of his class representatives, and they were discussed at the weekly meeting of the Council. If there was general agreement as to the merit of the suggestion, it was brought to the attention of Mr. Sherwood who made the final decision.

All in all this first year for the Council was a success, even though not all Mr. Sherwood's decisions were favourable.

Our staff advisor was Mr. Crockett, and on behalf of the Student's Council I would like to thank him for all the help, time, and advice he gave to us throughout the year.

The class representatives were: from 8A, Beedell (who was the chairman), and Rigby; 8K, Fraser and Chisholm; 8L, Sourial, Clark and Viets; 7A, Johnston and Sellers; 7, Gittens and Haslam.

VINCENT RIGBY — 8

BLUE SEA LAKE

Seventeen boarders along with all of our teachers and their wives spent a most enjoyable weekend at the Sherwood summer cottage on the first weekend of the school year. This has been a traditional outing for many years.

By the time the van arrived, the tents were set up and the canoes ready at the water front. The van was late because Mr. Humphreys was showing the boarders the countryside of Quebec.

After a warm-up of pine cone fights we all retired to our tents — until the teachers went inside.

Saturday morning we were up bright and early. After a hearty breakfast, a few of the braver ones set out on Mr. Beedell's orienteering course. He had forgotten to tell us about a path we were to follow, and we wandered through the forest for two or three hours taking in the lovely sights and mud in our shoes. We managed to get back for lunch.

After lunch, Capture the Flag teams were formed. These were the Grade 5's and 6's and teachers against the Grade 7's and 8's. The 7's and 8's tried many of my strategic moves which resulted in the majority of them being captured. The remaining four of us (with nobody left to guard our Flag) managed to free the others and capture our opponent's Flag.

Saturday night we had a delicious steak dinner with home made pie and bread which Mr. Sherwood supplied.

On Sunday it rained. Still we had a great day. We went to Joe Sherwood's cottage and played mini putt. Later we returned to pack and clean up.

On the journey back to Ashbury we all had memories of a great weekend.

I would like to thank Mr. Sherwood for inviting us, to commend his generosity, and to say we really appreciated Blue Sea Lake.

DAVID BEEDELL — 8

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

For many years now, the Babbitts have held a fantastic Hallowe'en Party, inviting all the boarders. This year a large assortment of sandwiches and goodies were offered. Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham applied the make-up. Many thanks from all the boarders and staff are sent to the Romans for providing the costumes.

We went out "trick or treating" in groups of three or four. Almost every one was mugged, but not too seriously. The worst mugging was a bleeding nose and the loss of all of his goodies.

When we returned from "trick or treating", we found that Mrs. Babbitt had kindly made a punch and delicious cake for us.

This concluded a most "delicious" and favourite evening. From all the boarders, many thanks to the staff and especially the Babbitts.

ALEX PATERSON — 7

Life in the Wing



THE SCIENCE FAIR

Tuesday, April 8, 1975 was an exciting day for the Grade 7 students who participated in the Science Fair, directed by Mr. Bellware. There was great activity in the morning setting up the various projects. This was a senior school fair and we were proud to be a part of it.

At 11 a.m. the would-be scientists were ready to present their projects. These varied from verbal explanations to mechanical demonstrations. The students, parents, teachers and friends of Ashbury visited the displays in the afternoon and evening.

I think our contribution to the fair was a great success, due to the great help from Mr. Bellware, the number of projects, and the enthusiastic student participation.

Shewchuk with his automobile engine, and Panneton with his cancer display were both given awards. These were presented by our School Visitor, Dr. Tuzo Wilson.

We are looking forward to our next year's fair, and we hope you are, too.

ALEXANDER WATSON — 7

THE ATLANTIC SWIMMERS

Ashbury is unlike the public schools in many ways, but perhaps the most striking is in our text book delivery.

As sometimes happens there is a delay, and this happened last fall with the Grade 8 history book. Mr. Polk, our teacher, apologized for the delay but explained that the books were being sent from England by a fleet of Atlantic swimmers, each carrying a watertight parcel of 5 books on his back.

The class followed the daily progress of the swimmers with great interest. We were sorry when one drowned, but Mr. Polk assured us that extra copies had been sent with the swimmers.

One morning we heard a shocking piece of news. A sudden storm had struck the mid Atlantic and it was feared that all the swimmers had drowned. During the calm which followed this storm not a trace of them could be found.

There were unconfirmed reports of a Russian fishing boat in the area, and the class immediately became suspicious.

Northing further was heard for a day or two, then one morning a bird landed exhausted on the window ledge of our classroom by Sourial's desk. A note was clutched in its beak. As Sourial removed the note, the bird died. The message confirmed our greatest fears. It read, "Help! Captured by the U.S.S.R.", and was signed "ATLATIC (sic) SWIMMERS."

It soon became impossible to separate truth from fiction. One rumour had it that \$1 million ransom was demanded, and that one by one the swimmers would be murdered until this amount was paid. Another was that the shipment of books contained a hidden code to penetrate the defences of Canada, and that the swimmers had been given these false books by mistake.

Suddenly one morning toward the end of October we had exciting news. The swimmers had crawled ashore exhausted several miles north of Halifax. The books were in fact genuine, and the swimmers had been allowed to continue their journey.

JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

This year's contest was very interesting. The speakers had all prepared their speeches well and spoke with confidence. Here is a rundown of the speakers and their topics:

Gord Maclaren and Mark Ferguson were the representatives from 8A. Maclaren gave a very enlightening and convincing speech on the Athabasca tar sands, while Ferguson gave an interesting speech on witchcraft.

From 8K, Kelly Mahoney gave an informative speech on water skiing, while Jamie Fraser delivered a good talk on "hotdogging".

8L's representatives were Michael Sourial, who discussed new developments in J. F. Kennedy's assassination; and Doug Ritcey who gave a convincing report on the Navaho Indians.

The 7A speakers were both very amusing. Tim Webb spoke on epitaphs, and Craig Leth-Steenen spoke on riddles.

Grade 7 had only one contestant, Gray Sutcliffe, who delivered a good speech on cross-country skiing.

The judges had a hard time deciding the winner, and after a long discussion they declared Sourial the winner, with Ritcey and Ferguson as runners-up. Well done, boys!

MARK FERGUSON — 8

FATHER AND SON NIGHT — '75

On Thursday, January 30, at 4:00 p.m., the annual Father and Son Night got off to a sweeping start with the curling tournament. The fathers came through with a fairly convincing victory in this event. Several games of volleyball followed this; again the fathers outscored their sons. Our junior boys got revenge in the game of sockee. The sons also had an edge in ping-pong, and in the ball-hockey the result was a fierce tie.

The evening was interrupted for a delicious supper of chicken à la king, with a scrumptious pie for dessert.

Refreshments were served throughout the evening for both fathers and sons — there was a slight difference in the nature of the refreshments served to each group!

The final score for all athletic events was reported as 1150 points for the fathers, 940 for their sons.

To top the evening, the contestants were presented with an excellent show of Public Speaking. Mike Sourial was the winner of the Charles Gale Prize in the junior division. John Lund won the Ross McMaster Memorial Trophy for the intermediates; and Richard Tervo was presented with the Gary Horning Memorial Shield in the senior division.

All in all it was a great evening for both fathers and sons, and it was a tired lot who went home that night, knowing that it had been a complete success.

DOUGLAS RITCEY — 8

CHESS

The 16th annual chess tournament was held this year. I think we may now assume that this is a yearly fixture! As always, enthusiasm was high, and, as always, almost all of the Junior School entered. We had 114 competitors, three more than last year. Here are the results.

8A

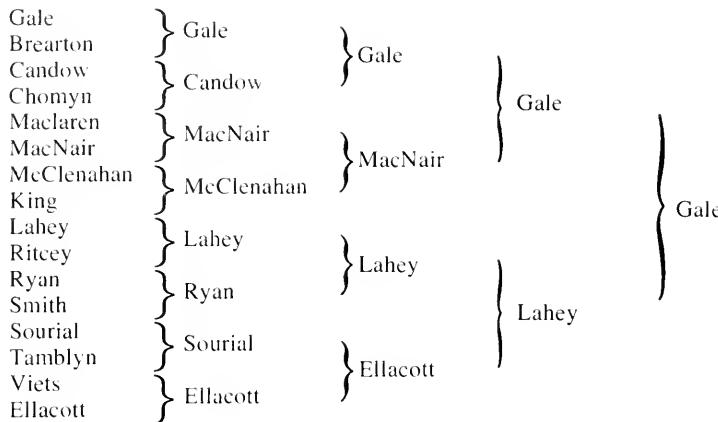
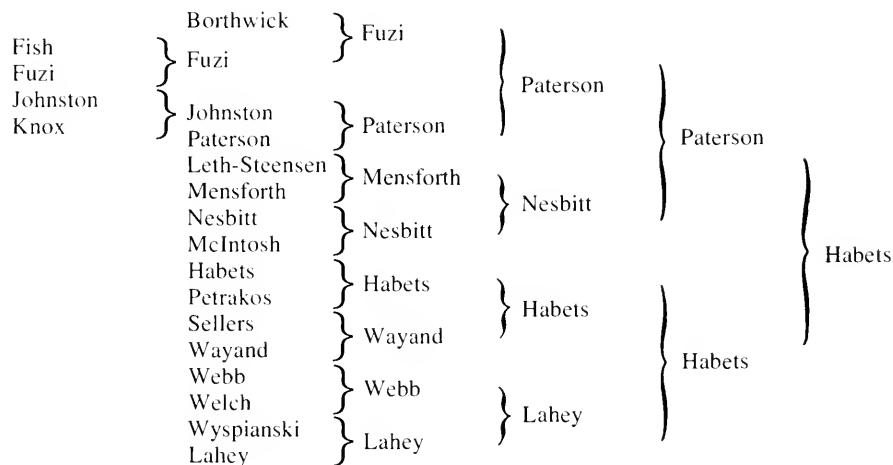
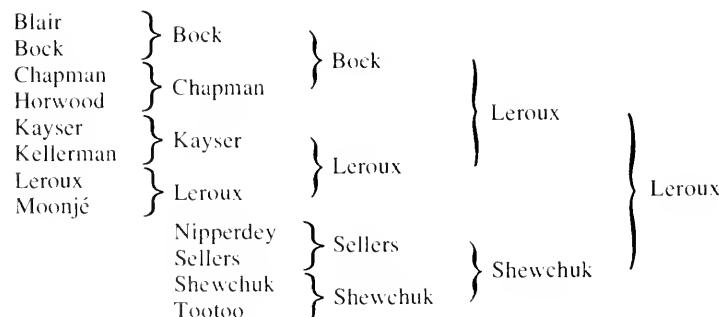
Wilson	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
Mensforth			
Rigby	Rigby		
Dunlop			
Feldman	Feldman		
Ferguson			
Fonay	Ingold	Ingold	
Ingold			
La Traverse	La Traverse	Habets	
Maclaren		Habets	
Habets			
Puttick			
Wostenholme	Wostenholme	Wostenholme	
Bravo			
Kadziora	Kadziora	Wostenholme	
Beedell			
Baxter	Beedell		
Williams			
Munro	Munro	Munro	Munro

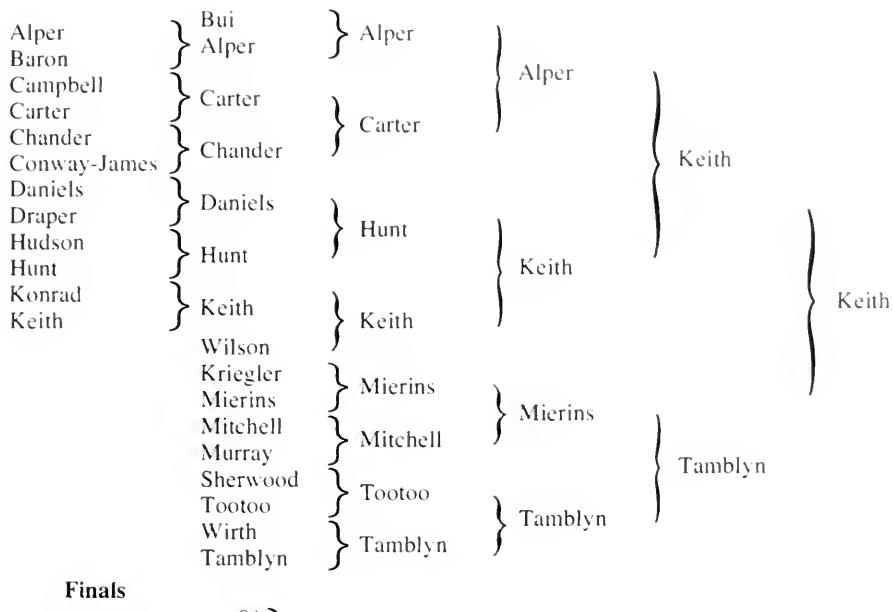
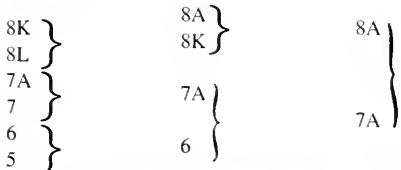
8K

Sutterlin	Sutterlin	Farquhar	Davies
Turner			
Chisholm	Farquhar		
Farquhar			
Fraser	Griffiths		
Griffiths			
Johnston	Davies	Davies	
Davies			
Whitney	Lay		
Lay			
Nicol	Nicol	Nicol	
Segall			
Squires	Wenkoff		
Wenkoff			
Bui	Schoeler	Wenkoff	Nicol
Schoeler			

7

Durazo	Woods	Durazo	Durazo
Gittens	Durazo		
Haslam	Haslam	Haslam	Durazo
Milne			
Panneton	Panneton		Durazo
Sutcliffe			
Shearly	Shearly	Shearly	
Ruddell			
Shewchuk	Shewchuk	Shewchuk	
Romain			

8L**7A****5**

**Finals**

8A (Tim Wilson)
The Champ!

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Photo — Canadian Press

A WELL-DESERVED REST
MR. BEEDELL WITH A GRADE 8 OUTDOOR EDUCATION CLASS
MAY 29th, 1975

B. E. Whitney, J. F. Turner, K. C. Mahoney, J. D. Fraser, D. M. Segall, D. W. Squires, I. R. Nicol, D. A. Farquhar.

MY TRIP TO MONT STE. MARIE

Near Mont Ste. Marie, Ashbury College has an outdoor classroom which is used for educational purposes. Mont Ste. Marie is about 60 miles from Ottawa and is in the Gatineau Hills. This is the site to which my class and I went for a three day field trip.

We first learned about the trip on Wednesday, April 2. Mr. Beedell, our science teacher briefed us about the visit. Everyone was fussing about getting clothes ready for the journey. Not until Monday the 7th, three days before we left, did Mr. Beedell issue a list of the equipment we should take.

Finally on Thursday we left for Mont Ste. Marie, almost an hour behind schedule. The problem of waiting was soon overcome when a snowball fight developed between the boys on the roof of the van and the Seniors watching us load up. At 10 a.m. we left, excited about the trip but not knowing what we were in for.

After arriving at the classroom we unloaded the van and prepared for the hike into the woods, aiming for our camp. After a fairly short walk we found ourselves at our temporary home. Soon we were divided into three working groups, which changed jobs at every meal. I was in the group led by Alex Paterson.

We were assigned to collect wood and start a fire. The two other groups had to cook and clean up. Before I go on, I may as well mention that the fire tenders were referred to as the "Pyros!"

After lunch, while the cleaners were at work, I made a second water hole in the lake. When the boys who were cleaning had finished, we set off to climb a high hill. Unfortunately Tim Webb and I left early and went up the wrong way!

On the descent I got soaked and started to make a snowslide. After reaching the bottom, Tim and I went back to camp to get changed. That evening I was a cook, and I must say the heat of the fire was welcome!

That night we all froze because we were not used to sleeping outside. My only regret about sleeping at the campsite was that the tents were not heated.

The next morning I was the first person up, I awoke at 4 a.m.! After breakfast we went orienteering, learned about some trees and we also saw a deer. The latter was not on the schedule, but it gave us all a thrill. At the same time we went to a farm and helped take some wood to another farm. Then it was time for lunch.

When lunch was over we all went exploring some caves. Gordon Sellers and I went into the cave and almost didn't get out! On the way back to camp some of our group went sliding down the hills. We had lots of fun on our eighty foot slides. That night we slept like logs, frozen stiff!

The next morning after breakfast we had one hour to do anything we chose. I went exploring the caves again and also went down the slides. There were two jumps on the slide only ten feet apart. On my best run I gathered up so much speed I missed the second jump completely!

Then we had to go home. On the way back we went to see Neptune, the underwater home. It was fascinating.

The journey back to Ottawa was uneventful. When we got to school we had a good long look in the mirror. We were all a mess!

The trip was lots of fun and I hope I shall go again but next time with a warmer sleeping bag, and with the hope that it will not be so wet.



THE PRIZE WINNERS

THE HUMANE SOCIETY TO THE RESCUE

This was the title chosen by the Humane Society for its annual contest. About 4500 essays were written by students of the public schools, Ashbury, Elmwood and Hillel.

Our Grades 7 & 8 are in competition with Elmwood and Rockcliffe Park Public School, and in this division we did very well, winning seven out of the top ten places.

In Grade 8, Michael Bravo won the D. P. Cruikshank Trophy, our second win in a row, and Julien Feldman placed second. Bruce MacNair gained honourable mention.

In Grade 7, Peter Wyspianski was second, Colin Strayer third, and honourable mentions went to Andrew Johnston and Toby Mensforth.

There are no trophies offered for the Grade 5 & 6 levels, but books were awarded to Christopher Wirth, Suneel Chander and Kurt Carter for their entries in Grade 6, and to Todd Sellers, David Moonjé and Michael Kellerman in Grade 5.

Bravo's award winning essay appears in the literary section of this magazine.

SOCKIE '75

Once again, we have played a lot of sockie in Argyle. It seems that whenever we are out of classes, there is a gang playing the game.

Sockie is played in socks, and the object is to kick a tennis ball into the opponent's net.

The playing area diminished in size this year when the stage was enlarged, but this did not seem to affect the interest or the excitement of the game.

The Regulars were Bravo, Gittens, both Mensforth's, Moonjé, Borthwick, Fish, Williams, Wostenholme, Blair, Fonay, and Schoeler, who also came to school most weekends to join the boarders.

This year sockie (sockee?, sockey?) has become almost a regular school sport.

MICHAEL BRAVO — 8

THE POETRY READING CONTEST

Ten boys survived the eliminations in their forms and became finalists in the annual Poetry Reading competition. They were Bravo and Ferguson (8A), Riteey and Sourial (8L), Webb and Lahey (7A), Ruddell and Watson (7), Keith and Mierins (6).

Between 35 and 40 boys had originally entered their names. Grade 7 showed a fine enthusiasm, as eleven boys in the class tried out for the two places.

The competition was held in Argyle on June 3 during games period. Mr. Polk and Mr. Babbitt were judges and agreed that the standard of reading and expression was high.

Ferguson was winner with Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!". Sourial's reading of Sea Fever gained him second place, and Bravo (An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog) was third.

Honourable mention was made of Webb (The Listeners) and Riteey (The Destruction of Sennacharib).

In addition to a poem of his own choice, each contestant was required to read a poem sight unseen. The one chosen this year was Christina Rossetti's "Song".

DLP

AN ASSIST FROM A PARENT

One of the preps for Grade 6 required the boys to write a limerick. The results were modest, and for the most part unrhythmic. However a happy result of the exercise was that one of the Grade 6 parents was inspired to contribute the following three efforts, and the teacher felt a necessity for a response.

A professor of French, Mr. Humphreys
Was addicted to climbing up gum trees.
When he fell on his head.
And was found to be dead.
His students said, "Now we'll have some peace!"

A limerick teacher named Polk
Scorns the white of the egg, eats the yolk.
When the passers-by bellow,
"You are turning quite yellow!"
He assures them, "It fades when I soak."

An extraordinary teacher named Babbitt,
Developed a strange eating habit.
He chewed lettuce and greens,
Nibbled carrots and beans,
And finally turned into a rabbit.

The literate mother of Hunt,
In her judgements was often quite blunt.
Poor Babbitt turned lapine,
Bright yellow did Polk shine,
And Humphreys died after a stunt.

Talent Show



THE SECOND ANNUAL JUNIOR SCHOOL
TALENT EXTRAVAGANZA

Programme

GITTENS & GRADE 7	AN ASHBURY CLASS (Skit)
MOONJÉ	SWIRLING SKIRTS (Piano)
WELCH	THROWING STONES IN THE LAKE (Skit)
WYSPIANSKI	
FISH	
BARON	
SELLERS III	
PHILLIPS	
PETRAKOS	
LAHEY II	PACKY'S ANIMALS (Pantomime)
BRAVO	THE POLICEMAN'S SONG FROM PENZANCE
SELLERS III	ELMTREE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Skit)
SELLERS IV	
LAHEY II	THEME FROM GODFATHER (Piano)
FERGUSON	“NOT TODAY” (Skit)
FONAY	
LAHEY I	CHALK TALK (Instant art)
RITCEY	ASHBURY MASQUERADE (Puppets)
WEBB	
ASSALY	AUNTIE ROTTER (Skit)
SHEARLY	SCOTLAND THE BRAVE (Bagpipes)
McCLENAHAN	PRAISE THE LORD (Song)
	CLOSE TO YOU (Song)
FELDMAN	MISS WORLD PAGEANT 1975 (Skit)
BEEDELL	
BUI I	
KING	
GRIFFITHS	
WILLIAMS	
GRADE 7A	FOR HE'S A POLISH PRUNE (Finale)

APRIL 30, 1975

This year's talent show, organized by Mr. Polk, was, like last year's, a great success. With skits, pantomimes, singing, piano playing, puppets, drawings, bagpipes, and satires it was quite an assortment of talent.

To start off with, Gittens and Grade 7 showed us an amusing and unruly Ashbury class. Moonjé followed with Swirling Skirts, a piece on the piano, and Welch, Wyspianski, Fish, Baron, Sellers III, Phillips, and Petrakos were next with a play on words in the skit 'Throwing Stones in the Lake!'

'Packy' Lahey did some excellent imitations of some very weird creatures including turtles, monkeys, Crocketts, and Humphreys. Bravo sang the Policeman's Song from *Penzance* followed by 'Elmtree School for Girls', a funny, well-done skit featuring the Sellers brothers.

Lahey II played the theme from the 'Godfather' on the piano and Ferguson and Fonay joined forces to produce 'Not Today'; a hilarious skit which Mr. Lister, the judge, asked them to repeat for his Theatre Arts class.

Lahey I's always excellent Instant Chalk Art was next in line with a selection of comical drawings.

Ritcey produced a talented show of puppetry in the 'Ashbury Masquerade'.

A sadistic satire on kiddy shows was 'Auntie Rotter', produced by Webb and Assaly, and Shearly played the bagpipes excellently in 'Scotland the Brave'.

Having already won top marks in his division in the Ottawa Music Festival, David McClenahan beautifully sang 'Praise the Lord' and 'Close to You'. Julien Feldman then introduced the 'Miss World Pageant 1975' with John King as Miss England, Peter Griffiths as Miss Russia, Bach Bui as Miss Hong Kong, and David Beedell as (you guessed it!) Miss Sarsfield. Having done a clumsy can-can, the contestants were 'voted' upon by the audience and Miss Sarsfield was pronounced Miss World 1975. Andy Williams helped with the costumes (volley-balls, dresses and all!).

7A finished the whole thing off with 'For He's a Polish Prune', their own version of 'He is an Englishman' by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Mr. Drummond Lister, Head of English and in charge of Theatre Arts at Ashbury, consented to judge the show. He congratulated and praised all the contestants and announced that the winner in the solo category was Ritcey; in the duo, Ferguson and Fonay; and in the over 3 people group, Gittens and Grade 7.

As I said before the whole thing was a great success, all the contestants are to be congratulated, and it was a great way for the Junior School to spend a morning.

LAUCHLAN MUNRO — 8

PINOCCHIO

Grade 6 went to the National Arts Centre for a performance of Bobby Clark's musical, *Pinocchio*. This took place in the Opera, and was, in my opinion, very lively and dramatic.

Bobby Clark did an excellent job in producing the show, and in designing the 102 puppets, which ranged from two to seven feet tall. Some of them weighed as much as forty-five pounds, and they were assembled at a total cost of more than \$150,000.

Arnold Miller's music was delightful.

Pinocchio, the hero of the story, is carved of wood by Papa Gepetto, and one night is given life by the Blue Fairy. While *Pinocchio* is going to school, he is led astray by a fox and a cat. He has some very exciting adventures before he returns to Papa Gepetto and becomes a real boy.

CHRISTOPHER WIRTH — 6

THE ROCKCLIFFE BLITZ

The early morning promised a warm, sunny day, but this failed to materialize, and Saturday, April 26, turned chill and cheerless. Snow flurries fell frequently. Despite this, over 100 Junior School boys gathered at 9:00 a.m. in Argyle. Many were armed with rags and pail, detergent and shoe shine kits. Divided by Houses into groups of 3 and 4, they headed for assigned areas of Rockcliffe.

The reason for this unusual burst of weekend activity was to collect money for CANSAVE to continue our sponsorship of a child in Italy. The squads would knock on Rockcliffe doors offering their services for a spring clean-up.

At our last "slave day" in 1971 clean-up squads had gathered a total of over \$500, but our bank account was now almost empty.

Mr. Sherwood was hoping for another \$500, but privately felt that we would fall far short of this goal.

House masters drove constantly from group to group in their areas, giving encouragement and picking up empty bottles.

At about noon some groups began to wander back to the school.

"We went to this house and this man gave us five dollars, and said there was nothing to do!"

"We knocked on the door and this guy told us to rake the lawn and clear out the garage, and he gave us a twenty dollar bill! Twenty dollars!"

"We got to this place and worked for almost two hours, and all they gave us was seven dollars!"

And so on, and on. Excited voices compared notes. It was obvious that the boys had spent a memorable morning. However, the basic reason for the operation had not been forgotten. Flyers had been distributed on the previous day explaining the charitable nature of the clean-up, and many group leaders had to give more details of our "Italian sister" to potential customers.

And of course house competition played its part.

"How much do you think the Dragons will get?"

"I hear the Hobbits have over \$200!"

Many groups worked through lunch, and several continued throughout the afternoon.

The Day was rewarding in many ways. To begin with our "sister" has been provided for. Secondly, the boys themselves enjoyed that warm feeling which comes from a job well done. And finally, I hope, many Rockcliffe residents gained a real benefit from the various jobs performed.

In his Monday morning assembly, Mr. Sherwood praised and thanked the Junior School, and announced the results:

WIZARDS \$238.90

HOBBITS \$224.00

GOBLINS \$209.15

DRAGONS \$148.10

Individual groups whose hard work and luck (luck was an important factor in these results) brought in impressive totals were:

FERGUSON (leader), Fish, Watson and Fonay	\$68.00
HABETS I, Wenkoff and Wyspianski	\$65.00
JOHNSTON, Gittens II, Habets II and Bui I	\$64.00
CHISHOLM, Mainguy, Shewchuk I, Shewchuk II	\$61.00

D.L.P.

A MASQUE OF AESOP

by Robertson Davies

CAST:

Apollo	<i>Ross Baxter</i>
Clotho	<i>Douglas Chomyn</i>
Lachesis	<i>Tim Webb</i>
Atropos	<i>Ian Fish</i>
First Citizen of Delphi	<i>Ian Wilson</i>
Second Citizen of Delphi	<i>Charles Lay</i>
Third Citizen of Delphi	<i>David Farquhar</i>
Leader of the Crowd	<i>David Beedell</i>
An Unseen Citizen	<i>Daniel Segall</i>
Aesop	<i>Michael Wolff</i>
The Head	<i>Gordon Sellers</i>
The Right Hand	<i>James Puttick</i>
The Left Hand	<i>Martin Wostenholme</i>
The Right Leg	<i>David Horwood</i>
The Left Leg	<i>Jide Afolabi</i>
The Heart	<i>Peter Wyspianski</i>
The Belly	<i>Claude Panneton</i>
An Unidentified Part	<i>Michael Mitchell</i>
The Town Mouse	<i>Mark Ferguson</i>
The Country Mouse	<i>Michael Sourial</i>
The Cock	<i>Douglas Ritcey</i>
The Hen	<i>Jeff Mierins</i>
First Chick	<i>Craig Leth-Steensen</i>
Second Chick	<i>Andrew Kriegler</i>
Third Chick	<i>Mark Viets</i>
The Pearl	<i>Simon Gale</i>

GREGE OR MOB:

Kurt Carter
Nicholas Fonay
Kevin Hunt
David Keith
Sean Murray
Michael Nesbitt
Gray Sutcliffe
David Tamblyn
John Wenkoff

This year the Ashbury College Junior School put on an evening of music and drama on December 5th and 6th. The Choir, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, gave a performance in the first part of the show. Needless to say we listened to excellent singing. The Choir had spent a lot of time practising and perfecting such songs as Swinging Along, It's a Small World and Marching to Pretoria. Simon Gale sang a solo in the song Trampin' very well. The audience was very appreciative of him and of the rest of the Choir.

We next heard from George Petrakos who performed excellently on the piano accordion. This was followed by Tim Shearly who played the bagpipes like a Scottish master. He played Scotland the Brave and Amazing Grace among others.

Then came the main entertainment, A Masque of Aesop by Robertson Davies. Aesop, the story teller on trial was played by Michael Wolff. I played the part of Apollo the judge. Doug Chomyn, Tim Webb and Ian Fish acted the parts of the three loud-mouthed witches. Ian Wilson, Charles Lay and David Farquhar were the citizens who were prosecuting Aesop, and David Beedell was the outspoken union boss.

The play consisted of the trial of Aesop for corrupting the morals of the citizens. All the evidence was brought forth in the form of mini plays or fables. My favourite fable was the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse, played by Mark Ferguson and Michael Sourial.

Mr. Thomas wrote all the music used in the play.

The cast is listed above and shows how many juniors have happy memories of this production.

I know I enjoyed myself, and I think the rest of the cast did in spite of all the memorizing. I hope another such production is presented next year because this one was a considerable success, thanks to Mr. Lister.

Mr. Lister, Head of the English Department in the Senior School was our producer, and he spent hours with the various groups. We certainly appreciated all the time and effort he spent with us.

Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Macoun and Mrs. Marland gave invaluable help with the costumes, and Mr. Jemus did the necessary carpentry.

ROSS BAXTER — 8

JAY PEAK

Twelve boys from the Junior School were lucky enough to go on a skiing trip with Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Beedell to Jay Peak in the state of Vermont. We left at 9:00 a.m. at the start of the long weekend in February. It took us about five hours driving to get to the resort.

As soon as we arrived we went straight to the slopes to ski. There are several chair lifts, a few T-bars and an aerial tramway which is able to carry 60 persons. We enjoyed our half day of skiing and went back to the hotel.

The meals were excellent and we always looked forward to the evening dinner which we had in a nice lounge. Our favourite amusement at the hotel was playing bumper pool.

We had three and a half days of glorious skiing. There were slopes for all levels, and many of us had lots of fun on the ski bobs, little bob sleds provided by the hotel, bouncing down the hills away from the skiers.

We spent all Monday morning cross country skiing, and then we packed and left for home. Tired and happy.

This trip was a complete success thanks to Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Beedell and the cooperation of the boys.

MICHAEL BRAVO — 8



BOARDERS VISIT THE LAY'S

For the third year in a row Admiral and Mrs. Lay have been kind enough to hold open house for the Boarders on weekends.

We made two memorable excursions to their home this year. The first was in February when Mr. Humphreys bundled about 15 boarders — mainly those who do not go home on weekends — into the van on Saturday morning. The weather was beautiful, and winter activities were at their peak. Cross country skiing, snow shoeing, and skating on a rink prepared on the pond's surface by Charlie, produced rosy cheeks and healthy appetites. One unofficial activity which produced some perverse enthusiasm was walking on uncertain ice covering the stream and often crashing through into knee-deep water. "Great fun," said the boys. The star of the cross country course was Beth Lay, who outshone Mr. Sherwood and the boys with little difficulty. Mr. Humphreys "forgot" his cross country skis! Sleeping arrangements were cheerfully crowded, with the boys in sleeping bags jammed into the upstairs recreation room.

Our second visit was on the last weekend of May. Threatening clouds on Saturday morning rolled away and again we had beautiful weekend weather. Summer activities were, of course, the order of the day. A sport which must be original with the Lays was surfing on the swift moving stream on boards made from discarded doors. When this excitement palled, the poolside gave a more relaxed pleasure. Sleeping arrangements were less crowded with the boys sleeping outdoors in tents. The one occupied by Too Too Two and Alper collapsed, giving them quite a surprise. The barbecue held on Saturday night was "fantastic" to use Mr. Humphreys' words (and who would be a better judge!). The ping pong and pool tables were in frequent use. At the latter Admiral Lay gave Mr. Sherwood a sound trouncing. I gather this is not an unusual result.

Many most sincere thanks to the Lays for their hospitality and generosity in making these happy breaks in the boarding routine possible.

DLP

AN OVERNIGHT STAY AT MONT STE. MARIE

On the 23rd of November, Mr. Humphreys took thirteen boarders on a camping trip to Mont Ste. Marie. We stayed in the portable classroom which once had been on the Ashbury grounds. The room was quite big, with a large kitchen, and dining and sleeping areas. Each person had two mattresses.

When we arrived the place was as filthy as a pig sty. Chris Candow and Mr. Humphreys spent the entire afternoon washing and drying dishes while the other boys were enjoying themselves outside. We found that there was no Comet for cleaning the shelves. Hung Bui, Chris Candow and Victor Tootoo went to borrow some from a near-by farm.

After a good supper most of us went outside to throw snow balls. About ten o'clock we came in and got into our sleeping bags. Mr. Humphreys told us horror stories that were true and had happened to his friend.

The next day everybody chipped in to help clean up because we wanted to leave by 3:00 PM in order to get back before the Grey Cup game. It was a memorable weekend.

CHRIS CANDOW — 8

THE INGOLD'S PARTY

For the past three years the Ingold's have had a sliding party. The whole class is invited as well as a few of the boarders and the teachers.

There is a huge hundred foot slide down the hill at the back of the Ingold's house. The slide leads right to the river. Records are kept of the distance, and the best slide reached the other side of the river, which is a long way away.

The slide is iced, and the speeds go up to about 25 m.p.h. We had great fun in the afternoon, and then we were given a delicious dinner. After this we went out for night sliding, and others stayed indoors to play Risk and other games.

We give special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ingold. Everyone certainly enjoyed himself.

TOM MENSFORTH — 8



HOUSE COMPETITION

This was the year of the HOBBIT! Under various captains for the activities they buckled down early to establish a lead which was never to be closely challenged. Keen competition existed at all times, however, and the individual House events were as closely contested as ever, with each House establishing important wins in all areas. Indeed, it is the House system that instills a great deal of the drive and spirit which, it is hoped, will become a vital part of the character of boys in the Junior School.

It may be of interest to set out the system of points available, and how they may be gained. It may also show how difficult it is to join the proud group of boys whose names appear as top House point winners in the front of the Junior Ashburian. In abbreviated form the system is as follows:

ACADEMIC: Test and term averages. EFFORT: Colour Board

90% and over	—4 points	Gold	—2 points
80% and over	—3 points	Yellow	—1 point off
70% and over	—2 points	Red	—2 points off
60% and over	—1 point		

SPECIAL:

Merit Award	—8 points
Monitor	—4 points per term
Choir	—4 points per term
Librarian	—3 points per term
Individual events	—Finalists — 1 point
Non-athletic	—Runners up — 3 & 2 points — Winner — 4 points

SPORTS: House competition (full House)

First	—30 points
Second	—20 points
Third	—15 points
Fourth	— 7 points

House competition (individual contenders)

First	—20 points
Second	—16 points
Third	— 9 points
Fourth	— 4 points

School team member:

First Team	— 3 points
Second Team	— 2 points
Other	— 1 point

The final House standings for the year were:

HOBBITS	—1401
DRAGONS	—1095
GOBLINS	—1025
WIZARDS	— 981

Again, congratulations to all members of each house who worked so hard for each point earned. It was a wonderful year!

GWB



Junior School Sports



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM — 1974-1975

Back Row: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., M. R. Sutterlin, G. W. Gittens, D. M. Segall, L. R. Baxter, J. M. Lahey, M. W. Davies, M. C. Wostenholme, S. Fuzi.
Front Row: L. A. Dunlop, R. J. A. Schoeler, T. E. Wilson, D. C. Beedell, Captain, V. C. Rigby, G. R. A. Smith, P. V. La Traverse, A. Salomon R.

FIRST SOCCER

The First Soccer Team was successful this year. The leading scorer was Serge Fuzi.

We started our season against Selwyn House. We hit them 4-2 on our home grounds. Our next game was against Bishops, again on our home grounds. We smashed them with a stunning 5-0 score. The cards were turned on our next contest, and the team from Presentation High School (most of them with mustaches) bombed us with a 4-2 defeat on our home grounds. Our next attempt was again a failure. At Sedbergh we were defeated 1-3 in a driving rain. In the rematch played at Ashbury we socked them 4-2. Again on our home grounds we achieved our fourth victory blasting L.C.C. by a score of 5-3. Following this we travelled to Montreal to play Selwyn House. In an exciting game we topped them 2-1. Our third in a row!

Back in Ottawa again Sedbergh was thirsting for revenge. They just about got it, but our team managed to control them in a 1-1 tie.

We returned to Montreal for a rematch with Lower Canada College. The game was a thriller and ended with three goals for each team. We continued our trip down to Stanstead where we played in icy cold weather. Stanstead was the victor 1-2.

Back to our home grounds again with Lakefield as our opposition. We humiliated them 8-1. Some of our 2d and 3d teamers got into the action and scored.

Next came our annual western trip. In Toronto we played Upper Canada College who beat us 1-3. Moving further to the west we arrived at Appleby. Here we had a win. The score was 2-0.

Then came our last game. Lakefield. Ah, we trounced them 8-1 earlier; this one was going to be easy. We lost 0-1.

This year Ashbury's soccer team entered the Ottawa Public Schools Tournament. We won the first game and lost the second. This put us out of the tournament.

DAVID BEEDELL — 8

THE SECOND SOCCER TEAM

We enjoyed ourselves tremendously this year. To start off the season we played Sedbergh twice and creamed them 7-0 and 6-0. We then went on to play Selwyn House and lost two close games, 1-0 and 3-0.

Our fifth game was played against Stanstead. This was exciting, but neither team was able to score and the game ended 0-0. We then hosted Lakefield and smeared them 6-0. Bravo and Brearton each scored two goals.

In the following week we went on an overnight trip. We arrived at Upper Canada College at about noon. After lunch we played them and won 3-1. We were especially pleased with this victory because last year they creamed us 9-2. We then went on to Appleby and spent the night with parents of Appleby boys. Our hosts brought us to Toronto the next morning because Appleby has school on Saturday mornings. Some of us went to the C.N.E. stadium to watch the Argos practice; others crossed the street to the Hockey Hall of Fame. In the afternoon we played Appleby and unfortunately lost 3-1.

Our final game of the season was at Lakefield. Shortly after the game began Lakefield took a 1-0 lead; however we soon caught fire and won the game 4-1.

Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals for	Goals Against
10	6	3	1	26	10

Scorers

T. Mensforth — 8	A. Paterson — 3	F. Durazo — 1
M. Bravo — 4	C. Rhodes — 2	B. Johnston — 1
A. Brearton — 4	J. Ingold — 2	M. Nesbitt — 1

MICHAEL BRAVO — 8

Coach's Note: Well done, 2nd XI! We reached the heights and visited the depths a few times, but we enjoyed ourselves and had a successful season.

J.S.C.



SECOND SOCCER TEAM — 1974-1975

Back Row: J. H. Ingold, I. F. Wilson, D. A. Farquhar, C. D. Rhodes, Co-Captain, M. J. H. Nesbitt, T. H. Borthwick, F. Durazo, G., R. A. Biewald.
Front Row: J. E. Wenkoff, B. F. Johnston, A. P. Brearton, T. W. Mensforth, Co-Captain, P. J. Lahey, A. M. S. Paterson, M. T. Bravo.
Coach: J. S. Crockett
Absent: I. D. M. Fish



THIRD SOCCER TEAM — 1974-1975

Back Row: J. H. Humphreys, Esq., T. N. Shearly, J. J. Hooper, A. P. Williams, C. W. Ryan.
Middle Row: R. J. Pilaar, D. W. Squires, C. I. Lay, C. L. Habets, R. J. G. Feldman, B. D. MacNair.
Front Row: D. G. Tamblyn, S. N. S. Gale, D. J. Chomyn, P. C. B. Martin, Captain, M. Wolff, J. S. Clark, M. Ferguson.
Absent: P. M. Kadziora

THE THIRD SOCCER TEAM

The Third Soccer Team had a good year, and a more active one than last year. In our first game we beat the second team in a hard-fought victory. The score was 3-1 with Squires, Kadziora and Pilaar getting our points.

The next game gave the second team its revenge, as they blanked us 1-0.

Along with the three other Ashbury teams we went on an overnight trip to Upper Canada College and Appleby. We split our games with a close loss to U.C.C. 1-0; and a good victory against Appleby 3-1. Clark, Habets and Wolff scored for us. Unfortunately, while playing Appleby, one of our best half backs, Bruce MacNair, broke his leg.

For our final contest of the season we went to Lakefield and overcame the school 6-1. Our scorers were Gale (2), Squires (2), Hooper and Clark.

Special thanks to Mr. Humphreys for his excellent coaching.

MARK FERGUSON — 8

FATHERS AND SONS SOCCER

This annual feature has become popular, and it is obvious that the fathers have as much excitement during the game as do their sons.

This year was cold but otherwise the conditions were fine. Two teams were fielded by the parents, and were opposed by our 1st and 2nd teams. However, any boy in Grade 7 or 8 whose father was playing was allowed to join the school opposition.

Two good games resulted with total points being equal — nine for each. The School won the 1st game 7-4, but lost the 2nd 5-2.

Following the games a cheering and restorative session was held for the fathers, and some hardy mothers, in the Masters' Common Room.

Among those who were present for the game were Mr. J. C. Beedell, Dr. H. F. Biewald, Capt. R. F. Blair, Mr. R. H. Clark, Capt. J. G. Daniels, Mr. Nicholas Fonay, Dr. A. Fuzi, Mr. D. A. Gale, Dr. R. Gittens, Mr. F. W. M. Habets, Mr. A. M. Johnston, Commodore D. N. Mainguy, Mr. S. Mensforth, Dr. E. S. Mitchell, Mr. T. V. Murray, Mr. G. C. Parks, Mr. J. Rigby, Mr. G. M. Riteey, Mr. J. F. Ruddell, Mr. H. Segall, Dr. W. Shewchuk, Mr. L. F. Smith, Capt. J. D. Squires, Major H. E. Wirth.

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THE FOURTH SOCCER TEAM

This was my first year at Ashbury as a soccer player. I was on Mr. Tottenham's Grades 5 & 6 soccer team. The season started well with the Grade 5's defeating Sedbergh 1-0 on our grounds. It was a very fast-paced game with everyone running for the ball at once. The boy who scored for Ashbury was Tootoo II, a brother of Tootoo I.

The second game for the 5 & 6 team (in the Public School tournament) was played against Quarries. Ashbury won with a spectacular effort by Jonathan Daniels, who ran down the whole field with the ball in his possession and scored!

The next game was played directly afterwards against Manor Park. They had control of the game and won 2-0.

Next we played a school called Vincent Massey who beat us 3-1, with one goal by me, Carter. I think that that was a good game which was juggled back and forth a bit.

The last team which we played that day was Queen Elizabeth. They won by a very close margin indeed, 1-0. I think that the people on the 5 & 6 team had an enjoyable day playing against the public schools.

The Grade 5 team played Sedbergh again. It was a tight race all the way, and we tied 3-3. Our goals were by Cardinal (2), and Moonjé.

Our second tournament was against the private schools, and this was a bit more exciting in my opinion.

We took a bus to Toronto to play Upper Canada College who, in my opinion, gave us the toughest competition. They won 2-0. I thought they wouldn't beat us because they were small, but I was proved wrong.

Leaving Toronto, we went to Oakville to play Appleby College. I must take a minute to tell you of the enthusiasm and friendliness of the parents who put us up. I was extremely happy to be with such nice people. Even though they were nice, they beat us 3-0!

Our last match was against Lakefield College who tied us 0-0. It was a rainy and very cold day, and the ball got waterlogged.

I had a very enjoyable experience, and I hope everybody else did too. I wish future Grade 5 & 6 teams good luck with their soccer games, and I end by giving many thanks to Mr. Tottenham for his enthusiastic coaching.

KURT CARTER — 6

Geo. H. Nelms, Prescription Optician

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828-5042
381 Kent St.
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FOURTH SOCCER TEAM — 1974-1975

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., T. J. Sellers, R. P. Leroux, A. M. Fuller, S. L. Kayser, P. Cardinal.
Front Row: M. D. Chapman, K. M. Carter, M. Hudson, R. G. Tamblyn, Captain, B. S. Alper, L. J. D. Campbell, S. P. Murray.
Absent: J. M. Daniels



FALL CROSS COUNTRY

This year our school entered the public school's annual cross country running tournament. We had five runners from each of the age categories.

The course was only $1 \frac{1}{2}$ miles long which was relatively short when compared to our own course, but it involved much more going up and down hills over rough country.

We had barely enough time to go over the course when we found that the races were about to start. Chris Chisholm was our best runner, coming 9th out of 175 boys. As a school we came about half way among the dozen or so schools which were competing. We felt that this was not too bad a showing. Below are listed our three best runners in each age category.

In summarizing I would like on behalf of the team and myself to thank Mr. Gray for his advising and coaching.

11 year olds — 100 boys

Sellers	— 16th
Cardinal	— 17th
Habets II	— 20th

12 year olds — 125 boys

Lahey II	— 13th
Nesbitt	— 17th
Bravo	— 38th

13 year olds — 175 Boys

Chisholm	— 9th
Feldman	— 29th
La Traverse	— 53rd

14 and over — 100 boys

Schoeler	— 12th
Squires	— 25th
Tamblyn I	— 26th

PIERRE LA TRAVERSE — 8

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING RESULTS

On June 4, 1975, after almost a year of training, running on uncertain days when the weather was not suitable for seasonal sports, the full Junior School covered our $2 \frac{1}{2}$ mile course for the final run.

The times were carefully recorded for various age groups. It is hoped that this event will be noted in the Ashburian each year so that a permanent record will always be available.

The ages are taken as of the date of the race.

14 Years

Chisholm	— 14.43	Johnston	— 14.24	(new record)
Salomon	— 15.30	Brearton	— 16.25	
Feldman	— 15.40	Beedell	— 16.30	

13 Years

12 Years

Dunlop	— 16.15	Leroux	— 17.39	Chapman	— 19.29
Wostenholme	— 17.01	Shewchuk II	— 18.50	Moonjé	— 19.31
Draper	— 17.11	Chander	— 19.18	Afolabi	— 27.42

11 Years

10 & Under



**First Hockey Team
1974 - 1975**

Back Row: G. W. Gittens, T. H. Hooper, L. R. Baxter, I.D.M. Fish, G. W. Phillips
Middle Row: D. C. Beedell, D. W. Squires, M. J. Nesbitt, D. A. Farquhar, B. F. Johnston, C. D. Rhodes.
Front Row: L. A. Dunlop, A. P. Williams, H. A. V. Cuhaci, Captain, P. V. La Traverse, T. W. Mensforth.
Coach: M. H. E. Sherwood.

FIRST HOCKEY

This year the First Team had a fair season. We played 15 games, winning 7 and tying 1. This does not include our trip to Amherst.

This year for the first time we went to Kingston to play a minor bantam "C" team. We stayed in Kingston as guests of Barry Johnston's father. Thanks, Mr. Johnston. The trip to Kingston is written up separately.

Here are the scores:

Against	Appleby	lost	4-1
	Appleby	lost	4-2
	Lakefield	won	10-7
	Lakefield	tied	4-4
	Sedbergh Sr. 2nd	won	8-0
	Sedbergh Sr. 1st	lost	6-1
	Ashbury Sr. 2nd	lost	8-2
	Hillary Cleaners	won	5-2
	L.C.C.	lost	3-2
	L.C.C.	won	5-4
	Kingston	won	4-2
	Kingston	lost	4-0
	Kingston	lost	5-4
	York Public	won	6-3
	Glashen Public	lost	4-2

I wish, on behalf of the team, to thank Mr. Sherwood who sacrificed his time to coach us.

ROSS BAXTER — MANAGER



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM 1974 - 1975

Back Row: J. H. Humphreys, Esq., C. W. Ryan, J. M. Lahey, J. F. Turner, D. M. Segall, R. I. Gray, Esq.
Middle Row: P. J. Lahey, P. C. B. Martin, A. M. S. Paterson, M. C. Wostenholme, M. B. Romain, C. I. Lay.
Front Row: A. W. G. Sellers, T. T. Mensforth, V. C. Rigby, R. J. A. Schoeler, Captain, R. G. Parks, A. P. Brearton, T. H. Borthwick.

SECOND HOCKEY

This year the Second Hockey team enjoyed one of its better seasons. Of the ten games we played, eight of them were victories. The highlight of the season was our trip to Kingston. We played three games there and won them all, bringing home the Denton Johnston Trophy.

Tim Borthwick and Gordon Sellers were outstanding in goal, allowing only 21 goals during the ten games. Our leading scorer was Bob Schoeler with 8 goals. He, together with Andrew Brearton and Vincent Rigby, made up our most effective line.

On behalf of the team, I would like to give thanks to Mr. Gray for the great encouragement and coaching he gave to the team throughout the season.

Games Played

WON	LOST
Lakefield	3-2
Sedbergh	9-2
Lakefield	6-3
Kingston	4-1
Kingston	6-0
Kingston	3-0
Selwyn House	7-2
Rockcliffe	5-2
	Goals for: 48
	against: 21

VINCENT RIGBY — 8



**THE AMHERST TEAM
1974 - 1975**

Back Row: C. G. Sherwood, H. Tootoo, G. M. Pitsicoulis, R. I. Gray, Esq.
Middle Row: C. A. Panneton, T. J. Sellers, M. D. Chapman, J. M. Mierins, L. J. D. Campbell.
Front Row: R. P. Leroux, T. J. Shewchuk, S. L. Kayser, T. T. Mensforth, Captain, J. M. Daniels, P. J. Cardinal, R. G. Tamblyn.

AMHERST TRIP

The Junior School sent two teams to Amherst, Mass. The 11 years and under team and the 13 and under team. The eleven and under team, also called "Squirts", was assembled by Mr. Gray. He chose the players from the Junior House Hockey Teams. The team had about three practices before the games against the Amherst Squirts.

The thirteen and under team had been practising for almost three months, (not just for this trip but for other special trips such as the one to Appleby).

After a long and tiring journey of nine hours we arrived at the University town of Amherst. The next afternoon our Squirt team couldn't get rolling and were beaten 5-0. After this game our thirteen and under team took to the ice only to be beaten 3-0 by Amherst. One line, a defenceman and a goalie, were taken from our Junior First Team to play on the team from the Senior School. That team lost 6-3 and the next day they won 3-1.

Both Junior teams were keyed up for the next game. The excitement got into me when one boy asked me whom I would like to see win, the Canadians or the Americans.

Our Squirts were handed another loss of 7-0 and Toby Mensforth was the best player in both games for us. Our thirteen year team fought the game very hard and this paid off as Andy Williams scored two goals and with two minutes left, M. Nesbitt scored for us to clinch the game. A. Williams and G. Phillips played good games for us.

All in all the trip was a lot of fun and we were all winners in a way.

M. WOSTENHOLME MANAGER

THE KINGSTON TRIP

This year two hockey teams from Ashbury made a trip to Kingston for a tournament. We left on Friday, after school, and headed west. That evening we played the first games in the very warm Kingston Memorial Centre. The opposing team drew first blood, against Mr. Sherwood's team, but then Williams tied it up, and the game ended with Ashbury winning, 5-2. Mr. Humphreys' team was equally fortunate when his team won its game by a score of 4-1.

Then we went back to the hotel. We were staying at the 401 Inn, which is owned by Mr. Johnston. We got back late because the second game was not over until midnight. After snacks some of us stayed up until about 2:30 in the morning waiting for the big day.

The next day in the morning some of us went shopping, others visited the Hockey Hall of Fame which was interesting because Kingston is one of the places where hockey first started in Canada.

That night we held the second round of the tournament, playing the same teams we had before. The 1st Team lost 4-0, but Mr. Humphreys' team scored a second victory, 6-0. This gave them the Denton Johnston Award, and the trophy is now in our trophy case.

On Sunday morning Mr. Sherwood's team played the big game; the standings were one each.

We opened the scoring with one of Cuhaci's great dekeing of the team moves, and he let go a devastating slap shot just inside the blue line. Phillips then scored and made it 2-0 for us. Our opponents caught fire, tied it, and with a minute to go it was 5-4 for them. We pulled our goalie, but they still hung on to the victory.

Mr Humphreys' team made it three in a row with a 3-0 victory.

After the games we went back to the 401 Inn and sat down to a tremendous banquet attended by all four teams. We got back to Ashbury after a wonderful trip.

BARRY JOHNSTON — 8

Editor's note: Barry is modest and does not give his father enough credit for his part in making the trip such an outstanding success. Mr. Johnston provided luxurious accommodation in his hotel, and the banquet was a memorable feast. He also donated the two handsome trophies. Ashbury thanks him for his generosity.

THE APPLEBY TRIP

The Appleby trip was not successful for Ashbury this year.

We left the school in high spirits hoping to bring back the cup for the second year in a row.

When we arrived we were billeted at our houses and told to be at the rink at 7:30 the next morning.

Our first game was against St. John's Ravenscourt, and we beat them 4-2. After the game we were told to relax since we had to play again in the afternoon against L.C.C.

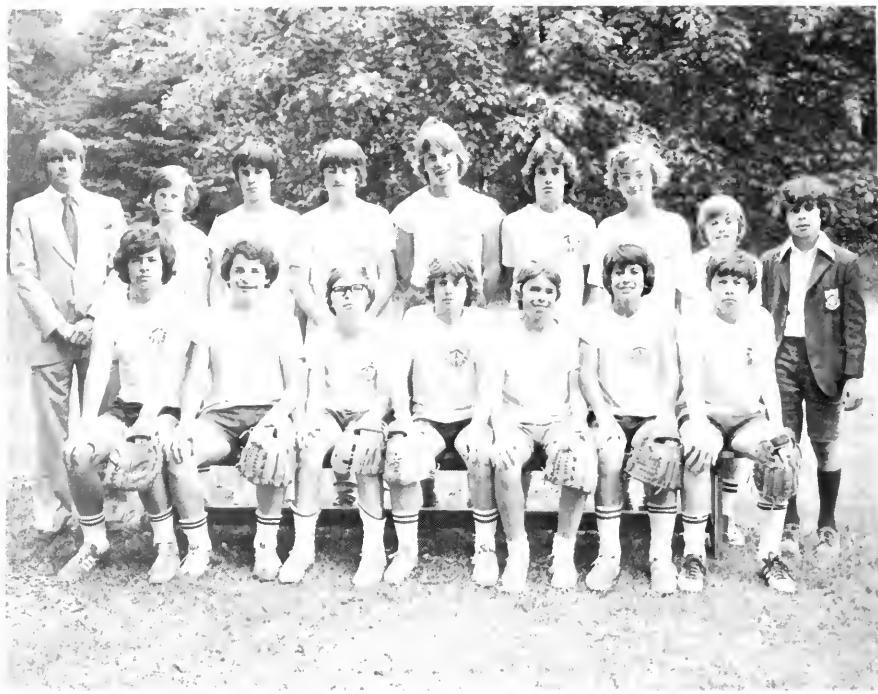
Earlier in the season L.C.C. had beaten us 9-0, but if we lost again it would not be too serious as we already had one win to our credit. L.C.C. won 4-2.

Our next day was free, but our team was hit by a sickness. When we played St. Andrews we lost 8-4; but we were without the services of Laird Dunlop and Grant Phillips. This put Ashbury out of the tournament until next year.

ANDY WILLIAMS — 8

Kingston Trip





FIRST SOFTBALL TEAM 1974-1975

Back Row: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., R. J. A. Schoeler, J. E. Wenkoff, A. P. Williams, D. M. Segall, J. M. Lahey, M. C. Wostenholme, A. P. Brearton, M. M. Sourial.
Front Row: R. M. Sutterlin, P. V. La Traverse, V. C. Rigby, C. D. Rhodes, D. C. Beedell, L. A. Dunlop, G. R. A. Smith.

THE FIRST SOFTBALL TEAM

We had a fine year this season and only suffered one loss. This was our first game and was against a team from the senior school. Our five consecutive wins following the opener were two over L.C.C.; one over Rockcliffe Park; one over the Staff; and one over another senior school team.

The infield played great throughout the season. Rhodes was outstanding at first base. Dunlop at short, and Sutterlin at third played excellent ball. Our pitching was also very good with Smith, Rigby and Habets letting in few runs.

The outfield was solid in all games with Schoeler and La Traverse standing out. La Traverse made the best catch of the season against the staff on a hit by Mr. Gray.

Summary:	vs. Senior School Team #1	lost	14-7
	vs. Senior School Team #2	won	18-15
	vs. Lower Canada College	won	17-4
	vs. Lower Canada College	won	19-3
	vs. Rockcliffe Park School	won	18-1
	vs. the Staff	won	14-7

Sutterlin led the batting with an average of .900. La Traverse (.800) and Rhodes (.750) followed.

MARTIN WOSTENHOLME — 8



**SECOND SOFTBALL TEAM
1974-1975**

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., C. G. Sherwood, J. M. Draper, R. B. Konrad, A. M. Fuller, H. A. Tootoo, H. T. Bui.
Front Row: S. L. Kayser, J. M. Daniels, M. H. F. Hudson, T. J. Shewchuk, B. S. Alper, P. J. Cardinal, R. G. Tamblyn.

THE SECOND SOFTBALL TEAM

This year we had a good team, but we were only able to play two games. We won both of them. They were against a Grade 5 and 6 team from Rockcliffe Park. We won the first game 19-4, but they improved and the second win was a very close one, 14-13. We all enjoyed the season. Our pitchers were Draper and Shewchuk in relief. Our most valuable player was Konrad who was good in the field and a good hitter. Alper was a good fielder and Draper a good hitter.

We thank Mr. Tottenham for his coaching and the many practices he gave us.

HUNG BUI — 6

BOYS VS MASTERS

This year the staff had a rough time with the Junior Softball Team. The team won 17-12. All the junior staff played and Mr. Joyce also played on their team. Mr. Polk umpired.

In the first inning the staff started fine and made about seven runs. The boys had several good innings and soon got into the lead. Pierre La Traverse made a catch in the outfield that Mr. Sherwood said was the best he had seen for a long time.

It was a great game, and lots of fun, and everyone liked it.

CLAUDE PANETTON — 7



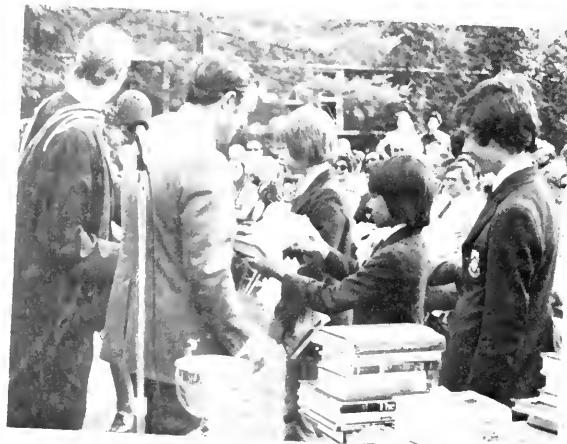
SPORTS DAY

Our annual Track Meet was held on June 13. Beautiful morning weather changed to a sky filled with menacing, swirling dark clouds, but we were fortunate. The meet was interrupted twice by rain squalls, but only briefly. Sun was shining again at the finish. Laird Dunlop's brother, Blake, a Minnesota North Stars star, presented the ribbons to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners. The House competition was much closer this year than last, and a steady pitch of excitement continued throughout the day. Here are the results.

EVENT	MIDGET	JUNIOR	SENIOR
100 Metre	1. Afolabi 2. Cardinal 3. Kayser	Biewald Wostenholme Maclaren	Cuhaci Segall Baxter
200 Metre	1. Campbell } 2. Kayser } 3. Chander	Wostenholme Beedell Biewald	Cuhaci Tamblyn Segall
400 Metre	1. Leroux 2. Kayser 3. Bui	Beedell Wostenholme Biewald	Turner La Traverse Schoeler
800 Metre	1. 2. 3.	Johnston Beedell Bravo	Tamblyn Chisholm La Traverse
Open Mile	1. 2. 3.		Chisholm Johnston Tamblyn
High Jump	1. Tootoo 2. Afolabi 3. Cardinal	Biewald Gittens } Dunlop }	Schoeller (record) Chisholm Mitchell
Long Jump	1. Campbell 2. Kayser 3. Mierins	Biewald Wostenholme Knox	Ryan Schoeler Segall
Discus	1. Cardinal 2. Leroux 3. Kellerman	Konrad Fonay Dunlop	Baxter King Segall
Shot Put	1. Campbell (Softball) 2. Leroux 3. Kayser	Maclaren Konrad Wostenholme	Baxter Sutterlin Turner
4 × 100 Relay	1. 2. 3.	Goblins Dragons Hobbits	Wizards Goblins Dragons
4 × 200 Relay	1. 2. 3.	Hobbits Goblins Dragons	Goblins Hobbits Dragons

Final House standings were: Goblins, 259; Hobbits, 251; Dragons, 229; Wizards, 224.

Individual winners were: Midget – Kayser (37); Junior – Biewald (42); Senior – Chisholm (30).



Literary Section

CAVE MAN

Dr. Reed was on an Arctic expedition hired by Imperial Oil to look for an oil site.

In his Artatractor he left camp to find rocks and snow for samples. Without realizing it, he crossed over a hidden crevasse, and crashed downwards. Oddly enough, when he hit bottom he suffered no damage. It seemed as though the earth was cushioned.

There seemed no way up, and no way down. Dr. Reed examined the walls of the crevasse and discovered that they were smooth and solid.

Suddenly an ape man appeared. Was Dr. Reed imagining this, or was this real? Dr. Reed nodded and wiggled his head. The ape man nodded and wiggled his head. Dr. Reed pinched himself; then the thing pinched himself. Dr. Reed winked, and when he opened his eye he saw that there were about 20 ape men all around him. It was real enough.

Suddenly they all rushed toward the tractor. Being a scientist, Dr. Reed thought of something quick. He beeped the horn, turned the lights on and off, and moved forward.

Those ape men took off like dirty socks. Then Dr. Reed realized that he had not scared them, a dinosaur had! Now *he* took off like a dirty shirt. His tractor seemed to fly over all obstacles. He went around a corner and hid. The beast ran by him. It was then that he realized the cave men had not been trying to hurt him, but to warn him about the dinosaur.

A few moments later the cave people came out and one of them said, "Okleaaaaaaaablablabla."

Since Dr. Reed was a scientist he knew how to speak cave language and he answered, "Flintiiiiigigig." (Author's note. It will be easier for the reader to understand the story if I translate these speeches).

After the introduction, Dr. Reed asked, "Is there any way out?"

A cave man answered, "Yes, many stalactites away." They don't have moons, so they say stalactites.

Dr. Reed asked, "Which way? Down the tunnel?"

A cave man appeared who seemed to be the leader and told Dr. Reed, "That's a way."

Dr. Reed thanked him and gave him a cigar. The leader gave him a stone. Reed gave him another cigar. He was given a stone. Reed gave a candy. He got a stone. Reed gave a bag of candies and drove off.

The cave men, not knowing what they were for, threw the cigars away.

As Reed was driving along he met the dinosaur. Because he was a scientist he knew dinosaur language, and he told the dinosaur to, "Buzz off, or I'll tell on you."

So the dinosaur took off. Reed was laughing so much that he almost missed the exit which led him to the road back to his camp.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY TO THE RESCUE

Dear Dogs,

I have been waiting a long time to write to you. I can tell you that I am so anxious to write this letter that my tail is wagging with excitement. I suppose that you are all managing to stay alive at the pet shop. I know that you would like to be moved into a different shop where there is a kind owner. I think that the problem with a lot of humans is that they treat us as inferiors, while actually we are a lot more intelligent than they are.

Anyway, you must be wondering how the escape from the pet shop went. Well, after your diversion of barking at the back of the shop, I squeezed through the partly opened door. I reached the nearby field and ran as fast as I could, which was not very fast because of my lack of nourishment. My only idea was to be found by some kind person and given a home, but I was not sure where to go. As night approached it became chilly, but my thick black hair kept me warm. In a deserted field I came upon a comfortable looking hole. I sat down on my haunches, stuck my muzzle into that paper bag which had been stolen by one of you at the pet shop, and enjoyed a cheese-flavoured biscuit. I soon fell asleep, and my muscles had a chance to relax.

I woke up at dawn, when the sun was just at the horizon. I realized that my hole would not make a good home, and I trotted off at a brisk pace. After an hour's running I reached a built-up area. I investigated during the morning, and by the afternoon I knew my way around the area and was ready for the search for a friendly human being. By this time I was tired and getting weak.

I limped up to a man, sniffed him and gave him a friendly lick. His answer was a stick whose whip slashed and stung my ear. I yelped and hobbled away. Again I met someone. I felt so miserable that anything was worth a try. This time, instead of getting the beating which I was prepared for, the man took me inside his house where I was given milk, food, and a bed in which I quickly drowsed off.

When I woke I found myself on a table inside a warm room. Several people were standing by and they greeted me with biscuits and strokes along my fur. The burning sensation in my ear had gone, soothed by some type of cool ointment. When I saw a badge on one man's jacket reading "Humane Society", I immediately identified him as the man who sometimes dropped into the pet shop. He held a needle in his hand, and I realized that I had been vaccinated against rabies. However, what really sent me to Utopia was that I heard the man say to the little girl standing next to him that I was to be her own pet dog.

Right now, as I write this letter, I see how much the Humane Society has done and will continue to do for us dogs. As well as finding and healing us, they also find us homes. By the way, right now I am trying to think out a successful way for you all to escape from that nasty owner.

P.S. If any of you do escape be on the watch for someone from the Humane Society. Always remember our motto, "People from the Humane Society are a dog's best friend."

MICHAEL BRAVO — 8

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PRIVATE ANGUS MACDONALD

Private Angus MacDonald awakened to what was to be the longest day of his life. The cold, swirling mist of dawn seemed to penetrate every bone in his body even before he left the shelter of his bivouac. The rain had been falling all night, and now at 6 a.m. it was still steadily falling on the cornfields. Everything Angus owned was wet. As soon as he left his bivouac he cleaned and dried his equipment, which included a rifle and a bayonet, and then made his way to the nearest fire. He dipped his cup into the pot which was steaming over the fire. The hot tea warmed him, and he joked with those around him.

After some time the order came to prepare for battle. Private MacDonald found himself stationed near the front line. At about ten o'clock enemy cannons started blasting a mile away. He became tenser by the minute, but still kept his eyes looking straight forward. Yet he felt he saw something to his left. Was it his imagination, or was it real? The mist was too thick to see what was happening. The next minute the mist cleared and his question was answered. A long line of French infantry was about seventy-five yards away. Out of the corner of his eye he could see his general sitting calmly on his horse. Then came the signal for the first line of Highlanders to fire at the enemy. After three rounds, the French scattered in disorder.

Private MacDonald could rest because his regiment was not in the thick of the battle. His rest did not last long for in the afternoon his regiment was ordered to prepare for action.

This time the determined French thrust their whole cavalry at the unbroken line of British, Dutch and Scottish soldiers. The allied forces formed squares of men which proved to be the best defensive move against a cavalry attack.

MacDonald found himself beside two frightened soldiers he had never seen before. He tried to joke with them as the French cavalry was advancing, now only two hundred yards away. The cavalry thundered down on the squares, but the defense held and the French fell back after three charges. MacDonald fought for his life. He was covered with mud and the smell of gunpowder choked him.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his leg and fell unconscious to the ground. He began to dream of a small house in Edinburgh with his family sitting by the fire. He began to feel warm again. As he woke, the dream vanished. He found himself on a bed of hay, and someone was gently dressing his wound. The day was over and he drifted into an exhausted sleep.

This day in the life of Private Angus MacDonald was June 18, 1815, and the rain-drenched cornfields were on the outskirts of the village of Waterloo.

ANDREW JOHNSTON — 7

COLOURS OF THE WORLD

Once upon a time in the far off jungles of Kwanteepopoe*; when the world was just newly made, our great Lord had much difficulty in telling the animals apart. You see, at that time there were no selection books in which to choose various items from; colour, size, name, and other similar matters. There was, of course, no one to tell which items were good or bad or different.

Because of this all the animals in the animal kingdom were exactly alike, and all ate the same foods. Therefore, while one food was growing in abundance, the food that the animals ate became scarce and more difficult to find. The animals soon began to die off.

Our great Lord, who was new on the job at the time, was in despair. Had His new experiment been a failure? For many days and many nights He lay over the world watching its inhabitants very carefully, pondering, trying to find a solution to His problem. Finally He called for his royal messenger, the loon, and sent him all around the great kingdom with this message.

“Hear ye! Hear ye! Our most great and wonderful Lord, Lord of all ye animals, is in great trouble. He cannot tell His people apart. He offers a great reward to the animal who can produce a way to distinguish the animals one from another.”

Soon after, all the animals were engaged in deep thought. Many ideas were produced, but all discarded.

By this time summer was over and autumn ready to make its appearance. The Lord sent the Autumn Elves to paint the leaves on the trees.

Now in those days all animals were called lions, or leos. The name originated from the idea that they were to lie low from their enemies until their Lord hit upon an idea to tell them apart.

It was the second week of autumn, and on this momentous day a lion chanced to walk under one of the huge oak trees where an elf was busily painting leaves. He sat down and watched the little creature at work. He stared up in fascination. After this had been going on for a long time, the elf became annoyed. Elves are mischievous creatures, and have quite short tempers. The one in the oak tree decided to play a trick on the lion to drive it away. It began to paint the leaves in a very sloppy manner, and small drops of paint began to decorate the ground, some of the paint even falling onto the lion.

The lion was furious and went to the Lord with a complaint. When the Lord saw him approaching, He thought he was from another world.

“And what kind of creature are you, may I ask?” questioned the Lord.

“Why, I’m one of your animals!” came the surprised reply. “That elf in the big oak tree splattered paint all over me!” And the lion blurted out the whole story.

“Hmm. A very interesting tale. You are a lion, you say. Well, we’ll have to change your name, won’t we? Because of your appearance, I mean. How about LEO-PARD — part lion, or part leo?”

A wide smile burst upon the Lord’s face, for He realized that He had discovered the answer to His dilemma. He summoned the elf who had painted the lion to his palace. Alas, the elf thought he was going to be punished and stayed away.

After waiting a few days the Lord summoned the whole elfin clan to a great meeting at which they would receive a gift. This was trickery and cleverness.

*Kwanteepopoe. Means quantity, or many poles, many trees.

Next He sent for all of the animals. When they arrived the elves painted all sorts of designs over their bodies. Some, like the tigers, received stripes, others were dotted, and still others, like the baboons (who were painted last) were given all colours, as there was not enough paint of any one colour to cover their whole bodies.

And so started the production of our colourful animal kingdom.

BRUCE MACNAIR — 8

THE DOOR

I opened the door,
And let out a roar.
For there were my marbles,
All over the floor.
I have to pick them all up.
Oh, what a bore!
Now I wish I had never
Opened that door.

RONNIE BOCK — 5

A REAL TALL TALE, OR WOLVES ARE INTELLIGENT

(Dictated by an old gentleman in England, and retold by David Keith in Canada)

While walking along an old abandoned road down Huntington way, I heard, faintly, the unmistakable howl of a wolf. I stopped, and then the howl came from my right, then from behind me, and in front of me!

It was terrible! The wolves were closing in from all sides. Then I noticed gleaming eyes peering at me from the bushes.

I managed to climb a lofty oak tree just before the pack came in full cry, howling their horrible death howls. It was awful. There must have been about 40 of them with unblinking, fiercely staring eyes.

After I had spent a day in the tree, three wolves loped off suddenly in one direction.

I had given up shouting, "Help! Help! Help!" As I was starving, I started to eat the inner bark of the tree.

In a few moments I saw the three wolves returning, but now they were driving a beaver in front of them, nipping its tail to make it trot faster.

My heart sank!

The wolves brought it to the foot of the tree, and the beaver started chewing. After about an hour the tree started to sway. There was a sharp crack, and it crashed to the ground, throwing me into the middle of the snarling pack.

The wolves ate me, and I recall that my last words were, "Wolves are intelligent."

DAVID KEITH — 6

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time man had no eyes. His smelling, feeling, hearing and taste were fine.

One day a man whose name was Rufustincle — Ruf for short — was strolling along the bank of the River Zak and talking to his dog. Somehow (I don't quite know how) they started talking about sight. The dog kept telling Ruf (for short) how wonderful sight was. Ruf (for short) became really excited and so worked up that he decided, come what may, he would learn to see.

The man Ruf (for short) asked the animals if they knew of a way he could get to see. They told him that they knew of no way.

Then he asked the hippopotamus, and she said, "It is easy to see. Stare into the sun for five minutes, and you will have eyes better than all other animals."

Ruf (for short) thanked the hippopotamus, and ran off to look at the sun, but then he realized something terrible. He had no eyes, so he could not stare into the sun.

This was terrible. Again he asked the animals to help him, and again they could not help. Finally he brought his question to the dog who had started this whole business. The dog sat and thought for two hours straight, then he came up with a beautiful eyedeia. The dog would persuade the monkey to paint eyes on the man's face; the dog and the monkey would point the eyes toward the sun, and the man would see.

All this was done the next day. It worked very well, but the eyes of Ruf (for short) were not better than all the other animals because his eyes were not pointed at the sun long enough.

However, since this time all men have had eyes.

DAVID KEITH — 6

A MILLION

To win a million
Is such a funny thing.

You may end up a' weepin'
And worse than you had been.
Though you've got some money,
And live your life through,

You may end like an animal,
Caged in a zoo.
And really this zoo

Simply represents life.
And you represent
The animal's plight.
Because you have been captured
By this horrible greed.

But if you try to get free,
Then you may re-seed.

BRUCE MACNAIR — 8

WHO SAID THAT?

It all started one night when my cousin and I decided to scare my brother Thady.

"Hey, Thady, I bet you won't come to the old house tonight," I sneered. Thady paused for a moment mysteriously. Then I said, "Chicken, chicken, chicken. . . . blah!"

"I'll come to the house," Thady said. He raced off in a flash to the telephone and phoned Bill.

"Hello!" Bill answered. "Who's speaking?"

"It's me, Bill; Thady. Don't say anything, but my little brother and our cousin want to scare me tonight. I want you to pretend that you're me. I'll get there early so I can prepare a joke on my brother and our cousin. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Bill answered. "I'll be there at 9 p.m."

(Later that night.) "We'll really scare them, hey, John?" My cousin laughed. "You stand behind the door, and when Thady comes in, close the door and hide."

Soon John and I could hear the scuffle of foot steps on the old rotten porch. Bill walked in, making sure that the two boys wouldn't see his face.

"Bang!" went the door, and Bill quietly hid, for now it was quite dark.

With a deep voice Bill commanded, "Oh, good spirits, take away these bad spirits!"

Then Thady opened a door upstairs and said, "You two boys shall never return here again! Be off with you, before you become slaves of Hell!"

With a scream and a yell, John and I ran home for our lives!

Soon Thady and his friend Bill arrived, bent over with laughter, and walked noisily upstairs to Thady's bedroom.

"What's so funny?" I yelled up to him.

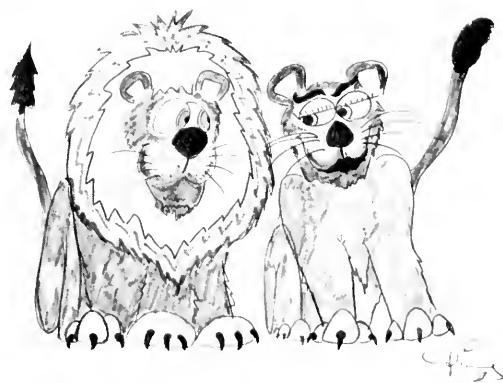
"Don't know," Thady answered.

SEAN MURRAY — 6

I WISH I WERE A BIRD

If only I could fly high,
High in the sky,
Oh! If only I could fly!
I would jump and twirl,
All over the sky,
And fly down to each branch.
Oh! If only I could fly!
I would watch other animals,
Running below.
Oh! If only I could fly,
All over the sky.
I would dance and prance
All over the sky.
Oh! If only I could fly!

ROBERT LEROUX — 5



ADVICE TO PARENTS

It was Sunday night, and I was upstairs doing my math project in what everyone else considered to be an absolute junk pile — my bedroom. My desk was covered in sheets of paper, six layers thick; the bed wasn't made; the bulletin board was covered by three overlapping layers of pictures, designs, and inspirational doodles; and a minor landslide occurred when the closet door was opened. But, despite all this, I knew where I could find anything in that room: nobody else could, but that is beside the point.

Dad poked his head through the door. "How on earth can you continue to work in this eternal mess of yours?" he asked.

I sighed. That was the only question that anyone asked me when they came into my room. "Ask me no questions; I'll tell you no lies," I replied. (This was the only answer that I ever gave.)

"Have it your way," he said. "Good night!"

* * * *

Monday night when I got home from school my mother came up to me and said, "The cleaning lady has been complaining about the state of your room again today. She says she can't possibly clean it in its present state. It's going to have to be cleaned out and tidied up."

"That's like trying to pull a King Canute," I remarked wryly.

"That's why I am doing the tidying," she said.

When I got home from school the next day I found, to my absolutely stupefied horror, that she had carried out her threat. The bed was made, the bulletin board was empty except for three of my neatest drawings, the other drawings or doodles were either thrown out or stacked in neat piles. The messy rough draft for my project was in the garbage, and all my final drafts were in three straight piles, according to neatness, not subject matter. I hated to think what the closet was like inside.

"Mom!" I called down the stairs.

"Yes?"

"Where did you put my Science World magazines? I need one for the test tomorrow."

"They're in the box at the bottom of your closet."

"Thanks."

I went to the closet, opened it, and my eyes almost fell out of my head. There were five neat piles of boxes, each pile three boxes high. I found the magazine at 11:15 in my desk drawer; consequently I got 15% on the test.

Now, fortunately, my room is in its original condition, messy, strewn with papers, and liable to avalanches, but at least I can find things.

My advice to parents, especially mothers, therefore is: before interfering (cleaning, tidying, etc.) with your son's works, consult him first, otherwise disastrous consequences may result.

LAUCHLAN MUNRO — 8

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MY PARENTS AND MY TEACHER

My father, who has a Grade 6 education came home from the last Parents' Reception with a bewildered look on his face.

The next day I asked my teacher what had happened. He related the conversation to me.

“Good evening, Mr. Mensforth.”

“Good evening, Mr. Sherwood.”

“Have a seat.”

“Thank you.”

“Mr. Mensforth, your son is a genius.”

“I can't agree with that, because after his last medical check-up, the doctor said he was perfectly O.K.”

“No! No!, Mr. Mensforth. What I mean is that he has a fantastically high I.Q.”

“What the blazes is an I.Q.?”

“Well, Mr. Mensforth, it means he has a high intellectual capacity.”

“He doesn't touch the stuff!”

“No! No!, Mr. Mensforth. I mean he is capable of great things. He could do anything he likes.”

“You mean he'd be a good plumber?”

“A little more than that. He could become a university professor.”

“Does that pay as good as a plumber?”

“Well, almost as much, Mr. Mensforth.”

“I dunno. I think we better stick to plumbing.”

“Well, he'd make a good hydraulics engineer.”

“No, let's go for broke and stick to plumbing.”

At this point the teacher with a glazed look in his eye, and a fixed smile on his face tried to change the direction of the interview.

“Mr. Mensforth, what about your son's life at home?”

“I'm glad you asked me that, Mr. Sherwood, because it isn't a normal one. All he wants to do is read books and go to the library when he should be playing hockey or watching television. Do you know that he hasn't even got a girl friend!”

The teacher, desperately searching for an answer to Mr. Mensforth's problems, suggested gently that I board at the school, so the staff could resolve some of my problems. My father, anxious about my well being agreed to this.

My father told me it was a good interview, but it was a pity Mr. Sherwood tired so easily and had to take medicine. He had noticed that Mr. Sherwood had taken frequent gulps from a small bottle which seemed to restore his colour and voice.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

My most embarrassing moment is too embarrassing to write about, so I have to make one up.

The date was July 4, 2000 A.D. This was the date of the American Scientific Society's meeting. Professor Samuel Hudson, Professor George Wayne, and Professor Jackson were the critics. I, Professor Alexander G. Watson, was demonstrating the world's first automated vacuum cleaner.

"Gentlemen, today you are in for a treat for I am about to demonstrate my greatest invention, the world's first automated vacuum cleaner. My assistant, Stanley Sommers will point out to you its uses. Okay, Stanley, turn it on low."

A low grumbling sound slowly became louder and swelled into a vibrating hum. Stanley scattered cigarette butts and candy wrappers on a strip of carpet, then handed me the remote control. I pressed a button, and the machine slowly started to move forward, leaving a clean carpet behind it. Great applause came from my audience.

Stanley adjusted the vacuum to high suction, and again I operated the remote control. We were now at the most important part of the demonstration, and I was nervous. In fact I was so shaky that I dropped the remote control. Some wires must have become crossed, because something happened which I had never seen before. The vacuum cleaner started to go faster and faster, and the hum became a high pitched whistle. The machine went screeching out the door at an incredible speed.

The town's mayor was standing up on the front seat of his shiny convertible telling people to vote for him in the next election, when, Crash! The vacuum hit the car, knocking the mayor head first into the back seat. This collision caused the vacuum to spin around and head back to our meeting, smashing windows and upsetting trash cans on the way.

The machine came put-putting into the room, paused a moment, and then collapsed. I can still hear the howling laughter of my audience, as I stood there, beet-red. Stanley, also red-faced, helped me carry my invention to the nearest garbage can.

ALEXANDER WATSON — 7

A FLIGHT TO REMEMBER

I remember looking at a small aircraft with two propellers at the airport in Stuttgart. That little plane was supposed to carry us across the Alps into Austria. It looked very, very small compared to the huge jet plane that had carried us across the Atlantic.

It was a beautiful, sunny, bright day. Everybody seemed to very happy because of the wonderful weather. We were told that the airline would not fly in bad weather. At the time I could not comprehend this.

We boarded the little plane and were in the air in a few minutes. It did not take us long to reach the hills and valleys of Southern Germany, the foothills of the Alps. Looking out of the window I could see little farmhouses amongst green meadows and forests. We passed over a little village with a white church in the center of it. Sometimes we could see medieval castles, built on rock, surrounded by dark green forests, and overlooking bluish-green lakes.

The hills became higher and higher until we reached the end of the tree line. I had imagined that we would be flying over the mountains, but we were flying between them with massive towers of granite rising beside us. It was pretty frightening!

The wings of the plane seemed so close to the mountains that it looked as if they would touch. Some of the rugged, snow-covered peaks were surrounded by wisps of clouds. Occasionally the sun broke through, lighting the sharp, knife-edged peaks, making the snow sparkle and the granite shine. Now I understood why the airline would not attempt this crossing in bad weather.

We soon left the high mountains behind and landed at Klagenfurt. I shall never forget this most memorable flight. When I think back now, man appears to be very small and unimportant beside nature's creations.

PAUL KADZIORA — 8



**THE CHOIR
1974-1975**

Back Row: Rev. E. E. Green, N. L. Fonay, P. N. Mainguy, C. I. Lay, T. N. Shearly, M. C. Wostenholme, G. F. McIntosh, G. A. C. Milne, J. E. Wenkoff, M. S. Mitchell, B. D. MacNair, M. J. H. Nesbitt, D. G. McClenahan, R. B. Konrad, A. C. Thomas, Esq.

Middle Row: R. S. Bock, S. L. Kayser, K. N. J. Hunt, A. C. C. Nipperdey, J. M. Mierins, T. M. Webb, D. J. Riteey, M. G. L. Ferguson, T. T. Mensforth, D. C. Beedell, J. H. Puttuck, A. W. G. Sellers, D. J. Chomyn, M. T. Bravo.

Front Row: A. D. Conway-James, P. H. Wyspianski, J. M. Daniels, R. G. Tamblyn, M. H. F. Hudson, C. A. Panneton, R. B. Haslam, K. M. Carter, S. N. S. Gale, P. K. Baron.

FORM NOTES



GRADE 8A

Ross Baxter.

There once was a kid nicknamed Roo;
He sat in row number two.
His spelling was "ugh",
And he wrote like a slug.
But made monitor and catcher too.

HABETS

David Beedell.

There once was a student named Dave.
In sports a path he did pave.
The puck missed its place,
He fell at first base.
That infamous athlete named Dave.

BEEDELL

Michael Bravo.

There once was a boy named Bravo,
Who in running was really quite slow.
Having broken his head,
He finally said,
"To do this it takes a great pro."

RIGBY

Laird Dunlop.

Dunlop is a star at baseball.
Perhaps it's because he's not tall.
The pitcher would balk,
And Dunlop would walk,
So Laird couldn't bunt at the ball.

MUNRO

Julien Feldman.

There once was a boy nicknamed "Fuzz",
Who constantly created a buzz.
If you come on the scene,
Don't dare intervene,
Or you'll get a punch on the "nuzz".

BAXTER

Mark Ferguson.

This brainy young scholar named Worm,
When tickled would then start to squirm.
His best sport is baseball,
Which he plays in the fall.
As for height, he's as tall as a germ.

MUNRO

Nicholas Fonay.

There was once a young laddie named Phone,
Who was struck from Hungarian bone.
When it came to good jokes,
(And this is no hoax),
He received from the class a loud groan.

FELDMAN

Nanno Habets.

A tall guy from Holland named Nanno,
Used to sit in 8A in the back row.
He always was quiet,
And would not often try it,
When others would urge him to do so.

LA TRAVERSE

John Ingold.

John entered the classroom for fun,
But found there was work to be done.
When reminded of learning,
He set off a'burning
About all of the prep he'd to shun.

FONAY

Paul Kadziora.

There once was a lad named the Kadz,
Who always was in with the fads.
With glasses like Rice,
He could never throw dice,
And was often seen reading some Mads.

WOSTENHOLME

Pierre La Traverse.

An immigrant from Quebec called Pierre,
Did his work in a manner most rare.
He tried to come first,
And was known to curse,
When he learned his results were but fair.

DUNLOP

Gordon Maclaren.

There once was a boy named Gordie,
Who always was dreaming of glory.
His face turned as red,
As a begonia bed,
When he had to recite his story.

KADZIORA

Tom Mensforth. A kid in the eighth grade is Tom,
Who told lots of jokes that did bomb.
Teachers thought him a down,
And at this they did frown,
But he's deemed a good boy by his mom. FERGUSON

Lauchlan Munro. There was a young lad called Munro,
Who found it so hard to say no.
When a nice little miss
Asked him for a kiss,
He developed a bright scarlet glow. WILLIAMS

James Puttick. There was once a boy named James,
Whom the class used to call lots of names.
He took someone's hat,
But was knocked down flat,
And then walked away slightly lame. BRAVO

Vincent Rigby. There is a smart boy in 8A,
Who likes to run and to play.
Though he sits in the back,
And this is a fact,
His marks seem to be quite Okay. INGOLD

Andy Williams. There once was a boy named Andy,
Who with girls was quite a dandy.
But when he's in class,
He's a bit of an ass,
Much to the dismay of "Candy". MENSFORTH

Tim Wilson. Tim Wilson, who hates the math class,
Can't seem to get more than a pass.
So he slipped Mr. Crockett
A bill in his pocket,
And now he's the first in his class. WILSON

Martin Wostenholme. There once was a boy named the Wease,
Whose purpose in life was to tease.
He loved playing tennis,
And was a real menace.
He got marks when he begged on his knees. MACLAREN



GRADE 8K

Bach Bui. Boo Boo is a very quiet and very high tempered guy. He enjoys sports, especially baseball, but can never get the ball past the pitcher. He does enjoy school work, although he likes to sleep in class. Bach is a boarder, and he is always looking for excitement with all the "Vandals".

Chris Chisholm. Chris is a quiet person who does not like many sports, but mostly likes Track and Field. His marks are not fantastically high, in fact some of them are not particularly good, but he manages to get by. His friends call him Frankie as a nickname because he came in one day with a haircut and looked like Frankenstein. During the morning Chris usually sleeps on his desk and starts to wake up from break on. He does not talk much in class, and does not hit people very much.

Mike Davies. Mike is a nice kid. Sometimes he is bad in class, but I must say he is pretty good in some subjects like gym, library and music. He can sing pretty well. I guess his best teachers are Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Polk. He can play baseball a bit. His favourite subject is Home Ec. He burns everything, but he can really make good toast.

David Farquhar. He has been at Ashbury for three years. During the classes he sometimes gets in trouble for talking too much. David does quite well in school, but he always says "like" whenever he says anything. And he laughs and jokes about things. David's friends are chosen from all classes from Grade 5 upwards. His favourite pastime is banging on the lockers in the locker room.

Jamie Fraser. This is Jamie's second year at Ashbury. His average is higher than it was last year and he spends all of his free time at Elmwood. His nickname is "Fats", although he is just a bit chubby; his friends are most of the Grade 8's, and he plans to come back next year.

Peter Griffiths. My second year at Ashbury has been very enjoyable. The teachers have been great and some, like Mr. Crockett, have been very humourous (at times!). But many classes were totally wrecked because of the attitude of one or two people whose names I leave anonymous. The school has been fun, and we fool around on the outdoor recreation we have with Mr. Beedell. All in all I rate Ashbury as the school at the top of the list.

Barry Johnston. This is my third year at Ashbury. There was no school trip this year, but we had a hockey tournament in Kingston, and we were guests at my father's hotel, "401 Inn". I am coming back next year. I did better this year than last. My best friends are Michi-log Bach Bui, Bob Schoeler, James Fraser, Ian Nicol, Mike Sutterlin, Mike Nesbitt, Alex Paterson, Dave Tamlyn, and best of all, Laird Dunlop. My favourite teachers are Mr. Crockett and Mr. Sherwood.

Charles Lay. This year was a good one for me. I made two hockey teams and brought up my average. The year seemed to go by fast and I am glad my home room teacher was Mr. Cricket — I mean Mr. Crockett. Well, Good Bye till I get back to the prison next year.

Kelly Mahoney. This is my fourth year at Ashbury. I am going to be a day boy next year, so it will ease the pressure of school a little. The food is O.K.? Our teacher is Mr. Crockett, and he gets mad if we call him Davy Crockett. I am improving on my sleeping habits in class.

Nicholas Mainguy. This is his first year at Ashbury and he is doing quite well. He even got to the top of the class a few times. His average has kept him in a good academic quartile. As for sports — well let's skip that! His nickname is Chip, and rhymes with his worst friend, Whit. From what Chip has told me, he wishes to come back for Grade 9, and probably Grade 10.

Jeff Mitchell, Esq. This is my fourth, and last, year at Ashbury. Grade 8 at Ashbury was not as good as Grades 5, 6 and 7. We had a new teacher this year, from Ireland. He is a good teacher, although he gives out too many detentions. As usual, this year the lunches were very fattening.

Ian Nicol. This year Nicol still has his braces on, and his mouth still has that fresh tingle of steel flavour. One of his best friends is David Farquhar, who is about the nicest guy in the class. What I liked about Nicol was that he always loaned me his science book to help me keep up. Nicol, or Nipol as we called him, was a big hustler; he never went to our dances, he did it all at home.

Bob Schoeler. I have enjoyed my days this year, and I shall be returning next year. My friends were Bach Bui, Barry Johnston and Co. We went on a Kingston hockey trip, and we won the hockey tournament with weird coaching from Mr. Humphreys.

Danny Segall. Danny, this note you should copy.
It's about your girl friend named Poppy.
One night you went out,
And boy, did you shout!
And now, you are hoppy with Poppy.

Douglas Squires. My name is Doug Squires, and I'm doing well in both school work and sports. I made the first hockey team this year, and the third hockey team. This is my second year at Ashbury, and I hope to be coming back next year.

Michael Sutterlin. This is unfortunately my second year at Ashbury. I think I did better in class than last year. I tried not to get in as much trouble as last year because I'm a Monitor. I made the first soccer, hockey and baseball teams. I don't really hate the school, but I'd rather go somewhere else.

Jon Turner. Jon distinguished himself twice this year — when he was at school for five successive days, and when his slap-shot put a Sedbergh player into orbit! His favourite expression is, "Who, Me?"

John Wenkoff. This is my first year at Ashbury, and I think it's O.K. This year I made the second soccer and first softball teams. I think one of the things I don't like about Ashbury is the uniform I have to wear. I like about half of the teachers in the junior school. The food is O.K.? I am a boarder, and I don't like it.

Brian Whitney. Brian Whitney is a very nice guy. He is very tall and people tease him and call him Wilt the Stilt. Brian is a boarder and Kemptville is his home town, although he comes from the Cayman Islands. He is not the brain of the class, but he always tries to do his best at everything. Brian has been at Ashbury for two years and his improvement is very noticeable. He is not coming back next year, and he will try to do just as well at a school in Kemptville.



GRADE 8L

Robert Biewald. Bob was a fine member of our class. He's good in gymnastics and coordinated in skiing. He's quite funny (to look at) — no, I'm just joking! I think that he's just about the best skier in the junior school.

Andrew Brearton. His nickname is Peanut. He is very talkative, always cracking jokes in class, and showing off his Kung Fu on Riteey, his practice dummy. He doesn't really like the junior school, but it is all right. He is especially good at down hill skiing. One of the reasons he doesn't like the school is because there are no girls. He didn't make any school teams, unlike me, who made every one.

Chris Candow. Better known as C.C., or Smiley in the Corner. He is, shall we say, chubby; but no matter, he is still one of the best guys to have around. He is good at Latin. He doesn't care much for the sports, but he has an average knowledge of the world around him. It's his first year here. See ya next year, C.C.

Douglas Chomyn. This is Chomyn's first year at Ashbury. He is a nice guy who tries hard at everything he does. He wants to get an M.L.T.S., and I guess he will. What he likes most is to tease the teachers, especially Mr. Crockett, and try and get more marks, but this almost lost him 10 marks. All in all Chom's school year was very successful.

John Clark. J.C. or Jake as we call him has been going to Ashbury since Grade 6. He is a good friend to have around and he likes to get involved in the school activities. He doesn't care too much for the sports program, but he enjoys golf, sailing and girls. This is his last year in the junior school, and I'm sure there'll be many people who will be sorry to see him go.

Hayg Cuhaci. One of the boys in our class is called "Cooch". He's very good in sports, and loves to play baseball. Although he's not coming back, I'm sure he has enjoyed his stay here.

Ken Ellacott. Ellacott is a big brute — Ha! Ha! He has been here for four years and does not want to come back next year. He is a boarder, and always breaks his legs skiing. He is pretty good in academics, but only average in sports, except for skiing, when he is not in a cast. He enjoyed his year in 8L.

Simon Gale. When the sun sets low, and the moon doth rise,
And when the leaves fall silently by,
Then the breezes blow, and without fail,
We know that the breeze is our Simon Gale.
He sits in class, though the teachers don't know it,
Mainly because he can't ever show it.
He may be short, but who gives a hoot
Because he's the size of a twelve-inch boot?
But all in all, he's a pretty good guy,
Even though he insists on wearing a tie.
A jacket, shorts, grey socks, white shirt - - - .

John King. John King considers himself a swift commando of the Ottawa Service Battalion Cadet Corps. He thinks this year was not too successful, so he is not returning next year. He is going to Sir Wilfred Laurier, and wants to become a disc jockey, since he has his own radio station in his basement (CFJK). John was a good friend of mine all year, and I'm sure that most people are sad that J.K. is not returning next year.

Jim Lahey. Lahey is a good guy. He tried so hard to get an M.L.T.S. and he made it with a 79.5. He is good in sports and enjoys the dances. When he and Mr. Crockett get to talking, they have quite a discussion! He is very good at drawing, and his notebooks all have many examples of this.

Fergus MacLaren. This was Fergus's third year at Ashbury and his best one. Next year he will be entering the senior school. He was close to an M.L.T.S. He is a very good natured fellow who is liked by his classmates. He likes history and this year has been quite successful for him.

Bruce MacNair. Bruce was trying to tell me what to write such as "Great, Perfect, etc.", being very modest as he is. He is one of the candidates for the Woods Shield, though he won't get it because of his marks (too high), character (full of questionable jokes), and sports (strike-out king and very clumsy in soccer). He has been a great inspiration for the whole class.

Peter Martin. Pete had a good year in most subjects except math, science, history and geography. He works quite hard and fools around a bit when he thinks the teacher is not looking. He just missed an M.L.T.S., but still got a few rec's.

David McClenahan. McClenahan fools around quite a bit.
But out of the class he's not a bad kid.
He doesn't try hard enough, that's true.
And some of the teachers will give him a "2".
About this he will jump and argue and fuss.
Until after school, when he gets on the bus.

Joe Pilaar. He's Okay. He lives in India and tells all these stories. He tries hard in school, but nobody thinks he does. He says he's not coming back next year. He talks funny too, but nobody minds. That's Joe Pilaar.

Chris Rhodes. I like almost all sports, but I'm not really having fun with them. My favourite teachers are Mr. Gray and Mr. Crockett. This has not been a great year for me. I think I liked it better in Grade 6. But things will probably change in the senior school.

Douglas Ritey. In our class there's a very smart bloke,
Who listens to all of the folk.
When there came a chance for him to talk,
He could not because he had to balk.
When somebody bugged him and wanted to fight,
He gave him a lesson with all of his might.

Carson Ryan. Ryan is better known as Donuts. Donuts made the third soccer and second hockey teams. Although he did not make an M.L.T.S., he worked very hard and had high marks. He is quiet and has had a very good first year at Ashbury. He is popular.

Robert Smith. Smith is well known as skinhead or various things. He has made some first or second teams. He varies from time to time depending on his attitude of the day, but most of the time he is O.K. It has been a good year for him and I guess that he has really worked pretty hard.

Michael Sourial. Mike is a pretty nice guy. He works fairly hard at his school work. He doesn't care much for the school sports, but when it comes to debating, he is certainly the best. He won the prize for debating in the junior school. I think his ambition in life is to be a criminal lawyer.

David Tamblyn. I think Tamblyn is all right, but sometimes he takes things too seriously. He was a monitor this year and was very serious about keeping things in order in the Wing. He always behaved very well because he was a monitor, but maybe he behaved well because this is the sort of guy he is anyway.

Mark Viets. Mark has been here for about six decades. He finds school a bore, except when we're on holiday. He may come back next year if they extend the holidays and cancel the prep. Actually he's a good guy and everybody in the form likes Mark.

Michael Wolff. Wolff is outstanding in his academic work and he will go far in life. This is his first year at Ashbury and he is always impeccably dressed in number one dress. Wolff is coming back to Ashbury next year and is looking forward to Grade 9. He is a great guy and received an M.L.T.S. in Grade 8.



GRADE 7A

Stephen Assaly. This is my second year at Ashbury, and I am coming back next year. I am the guy in between Mr. Babbitt and Petrakos. My favourite teachers are Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt and Mr. Humphreys, and my best friends are Webb and Petrakos.

Timothy Borthwick. Hi! This is my last year at Ashbury. I made the second soccer team, and we had a great coach. I bring my lunch, and have enjoyed our literature period.

Ian Fish. Hi! This is my third year at Ashbury. I made the second soccer and the first hockey teams. I like all the teachers. My best friends are Packy, Tobias, Rabbits, Garth and Marty.

Serge Fuzi. This is my first year at Ashbury, and I enjoyed it. I made some new friends and learned a lot in classes. I played a lot of sports and hope to come back next year.

Ronny Habets. My name is Ronny Habets and I am 12 years old. I bring my lunch to school. I like playing baseball and soccer. I have one brother at this school, but another brother is coming next year. I hope he will enjoy the school as much as I do.

Andrew Johnston. Hello! This is my third year at Ashbury. So far it's been nicer than my old school, but this year has been the hardest of all. My nicknames are Bird, Stone, Pistol, Red Canary, Carrot Top, Dandelion, Johnny the Stone, Johno, Peanut, Red, and Cardinal. I also like the sports, especially soccer, hockey and softball, which I did not play at my old school.

James Knox. This was my first year at Ashbury, and I really enjoyed it. I really enjoy the sports and I like everybody. I like the school so much that I am coming back next year.

Patrick Lahey. Bonjour. My name is Patrick Lahey, and this is my second year at Ashbury. I like the school because its sports program has benefited me, and academically it has helped me also. I guess next year I will be in Grade 8K.

Craig Leth-Steensen. This is my name. I have spent two years at Ashbury. I am a day boy and bring my lunch. Ashbury is a swell school. I have a 90% average and am going to get an M.L.T.S. This year is harder than last year. I like the sports.

Grant McIntosh. Hello! I am in 7A and my age is 13. My form master is Mr. Babbitt and about 5 other teachers give me lessons. I have enjoyed Ashbury immensely this year and hope to return next year.

Toby Mensforth. Hi! This is my third year at Ashbury. I like it here. I like the sports best. I hope to come back next year.

Michael Nesbitt. This year I had a good year at Ashbury. I made a lot of new friends and had good fun. I hope to come back next year because the sports programme is great.

Richard Parks. Hi! This was my first year at Ashbury and it was great. I was on the second hockey team. The sports here are really great and the school work is really good.

Alexander Paterson. This is my first year at Ashbury. The teachers like me and I won a Merit Award. I made some teams. I am a boarder. I also have a lot of friends.

George Petrakos. Hi! I'm the good looking Greek in the picture and you all know my name. This has been my first year at Ashbury and I think the sports programme as well as the academic work is good. Also all of the teachers are fun.

Gordon Sellers. This is my second year at Ashbury. Each one of the years has been fun. I like most of the things here, especially geography. I am hoping to come back next year.

Martin Wayand. Hello! My name is Mardi. I have enjoyed this year more than last because I have lots of friends. My best sport is soccer. The subjects I find most enjoyable are geography, math and history. Some of the teachers say they enjoy my humor.

Tim Webb. This is my second year at Ashbury, and I liked it more than the first. My best friends are "Bird", "Ben", "Sas", and Paterson. I like all the teachers. I'm coming back next year.

Stephen Welch. This is my third year at Ashbury. It has been a very good year. My friend is Peter Wyspianski. My favourite subjects are science, math, and Latin. My favourite teachers are Mr. Beedell and Mr. Polk. My favourite sports are hockey and soccer. The timetable makes it possible to work and learn more than in any other school.

Peter Wyspianski. We had a great time this year, so it went quickly. The teachers who taught us are great people. My favourite teachers are Mr. Crockett (geography) and Mr. Gray (history). We have many nicknames in this class like Ben, Bird, Hush Puppy, and mine seems to be Prune. Ashbury's great!!



GRADE 7

Ken Ainsley. Ken is a very smart boy. He just missed getting an M.L.T.S. His highest history mark was 95% and he once gave a lecture to 8A on the Panama Canal. He is being considered for the Merit Award. He bugs Hooper.

Francisco Durazo. Francisco's nickname is Hot Lips, or the Cisco Kid. He's been here for two years and he's coming back next year. He's from Mexico City, and when he first came here he couldn't speak a word of English. The Cisco Kid is one of the fastest runners in our class. He also won the chess tournament. Next year he would like to become a monitor. He likes all the teachers because they're easy to talk to. His best friends are Haslam, Romain and Salomon, and also Mr. Gray.

Garth Gittens. This is his second year at Ashbury and he likes it. He made the first soccer team playing left wing, and the first hockey team playing goalie, and he is a good gymnast. He likes all the teachers.

Raymond Haslam. Raymond is my best friend although he is sometimes weird. I was on the hockey team along with my other friends, but Raymond was too old. Raymond's nickname is Spaghetti Legs. Raymond is from Barbados and I'm from Hull. This means that Raymond is brown and I am white. Raymond and I have a rec. in grammar. Raymond's best mark is 92, and mine is 94, but his overall average is better than mine. I'll see you next year, Raymond. Bye! Bye!

John Hooper. He gets punched by Woods and steals his tuck, and gets called Snooper. He gets picked on every class, and kills Woods after school.

John Mahoney. This is John's first year at Ashbury. He enjoyed it here and was quiet and was a nice guy to have in the class. He was in the Science Fair. I hope he will come back next year.

Jeff Marschmeyer. This was his first year at Ashbury. He has a brother in the senior school, and the year went pretty well for him. He worked pretty hard and did some of his homework. He had trouble seeing the board. He is O.K., but he doesn't like gym very much.

Garth Milne. Garth is a tall boy. He is not too bad in class. His average is 57.1. He is 5 feet 5 inches and he is 12 years old, and is the tallest in the class. He is good at the long jump.

Claude Panneton. Claude's best mark is 94 in grammar. Claude's best teacher is Mr. Babbitt. Last weekend, on the 24th of May, Claude came up to my house to go swimming in my lake. Claude is my best friend.

Grant Phillips. Grant came to Ashbury just in time to join the first hockey team's trip to Appleby. He helped the team. He wasn't too good in school work at first but has tried hard and ended the year pretty well. He likes lacrosse. He hopes to come back next year.

Michael Romain. Michael likes this year as much as last, perhaps even more. He works pretty hard and usually gets a gold. He's not bad in sports, but he likes motorcycles and snowmobiles best of all, and he's very destructive with his .22 rifle.

Colin Ruddell. He is a very nice guy. He is a new boy and doesn't expect to come back next year. I am sorry because he is a friend of mine. I think he has had a pretty good year.

Alexandro Salomon. This is his first year at Ashbury College, and he expects to come back next year. He was a very good soccer player with the first team. He is from Mexico City and is trying to become a monitor next year. He is a fast runner. We called him "Sali".

Tim Shearly. This was Tim's first year at Ashbury. Tim put a lot of effort into his school work which showed on the colour board throughout the year. He was the second highest boy in his form for marks. Tim is well known for playing the bagpipes throughout the school. He also made the third soccer team.

Mark Shewchuk. His favourite teacher is Mr. Babbitt, and his best mark is 98%. He hopes to come back next year so that he can have another enjoyable year. During the year he ate 10,000 pounds of potatoes and 5,000 pounds of ketchup. Mark has one of the best averages in the class.

Colin Strayer. This was my first year at Ashbury and it turned out to be a pretty good one. There was a lot of homework, but I found time for it in between TV shows. The teachers are OK, and the games are good. I don't like the end of the year because of exams.

Gray Sutcliffe. Gray has been at this school for three years now. He is quite good in sports, and not too bad in school work. He is a boarder and will probably be back next year. His favourite teacher is Mr. Humphreys.

Alexander Watson. "Fat" Watson's favourite teacher is Mr. Babbitt. He loves Ashbury and is coming back next year. Ally-opp received an M.L.T.S. this year. He has a large appetite at lunch (You'd think that he should be fat, but he's really quite skinny). Alex worked hard and came top of the class.

Jamie Woods. Jamie isn't very good at sports, but works very hard in his subjects, and is very interested in science. He thinks that Mr. Bellware the science teacher is a good teacher. His nickname is Woody. His best friends are Hoop, Stray, Sut, and his friendly loan shark, me.



GRADE 6

Barry Alper. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite teachers are Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Polk. My best friends are Bui, Tamblyn, Sherwood, Chander, Daniels and Kreigler. The games are fine at Ashbury. I made the soccer and softball. The food is good except for sausages. I hope to be coming back next year. I think I'll get an M.L.T.S. The boarding is quite bad.

Paul Baron. My best friends are Murray and Tamblyn. My best teachers are Mr. Polk, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Babbitt. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it.

Hung Bui. There is a boy in this school named Bui.
His friends are Alper, Chander and Hughie.
He knows he's not tall.
And he can't throw a ball,
But he boards in the Wing,
And thinks he knows everything.

Dean Campbell. Hi! I really enjoyed school this year. Ashbury has a good variety of sports. My best friends are Tootoo and Bui, maybe Alper. I do not think I will return next year.

Kurt Carter. I enjoy the sports program and hope to make the second team next year. My favourite subject is grammar, and I hope to become a writer with the help of my Uncle Wilson, a noted author. I am coming back next year, and I hope to win, or be a closer contender in the scholarship examinations. I'd also like to become more involved in Neptune.

Suneel Chander. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. I like sports a lot and gym. I am a Goblin, but this year we are not too good. I hope to come back next year, and I think the Goblins will be better.

Alain Conway-James. This year was not as good for me as last year. We did not have the ping-pong tournament, but this year has had more B.B.Q.'s. The teachers are a bit rougher than they were in Grade 5. I congratulate Mr. Humphreys who is getting married on June 25. This means better cooking for him.

Jonathan Daniels. Hello! My name is Jonathan Daniels, but my friends call me "Pee-wee". I'm fantastic on the soccer, hockey and baseball teams, and I'm the fastest runner in Grade 6. My best friends are Barry Alper, Jeff Mierins, Robert Tamblyn, and Mr. Tottenham. Ashbury is a nice school and I hope to come back.

John Draper. Hello! The sports here are very good, and the subjects are also good. My best friends are everyone in the class. I like all the teachers. I might not come back next year. The teachers call me "Rusty". I've been here for two years.

Tony Fuller. I am a boarder at Ashbury. I have lots of friends, especially Barry Alper and Robert Tamblyn. I like the teachers here, including Mr. Polk and Mr. Gray. It's tough at Ashbury, but I'm coming back next year. P.S. And my congratulations to Mr. Humphreys on June 25, 1975.

Mark Hudson. I was on the second team. I am a Wizard, and hope I don't come back next year, because I don't like it. My friends are J. Daniels, S. Chander, and I go on Walk-a-thons, and Bike-a-thons. If I come back next year, I won't try out for any hockey team, but I will for baseball. I think Ashbury would be more popular if the boys did not wear fancy clothes and there were not any detentions.

Kevin Hunt. My class has had the most class detentions in the school, but other than that I think it's great. My greatest achievement was winning a Scholarship. I can't say that I have a favourite teacher, because they are all so great. My favourite subject is literature. One thing I dislike is writing "form reports".

David Keith. This is my second and last year at Ashbury. I think they have too much prep here. The food is good, and most of the teachers are nice.

Ricky Konrad. Hello! I'm twelve years old. This is my second year at Ashbury. I like sports very much. My friends are Hung Bui, Robert Tamblyn, and Wirth. The school work here is very difficult. At the end of the year there is a B.B.Q. and prizes. I hope to return because the teachers are very kind and try to help us in one way or another. My favourite teacher is Mr. Humphreys because he has the best sense of humour in the school. I made the third baseball team.

Andrew Kriegler. My best friends are Alper, Bui, Mierins, Tamblyn and Fuller. My favourite subjects are math, science and girls. This is my second year at Ashbury and the school is O.K. My best teacher is Mr. Humphreys (don't ask me why!). Mr. Humphreys is getting married on June 25th.

Jeff Mierins. See me in the picture? Don't I look nice? No? See my best friends? Daniels, Murray, Wilson, Tamblyn, Keith? See my teacher? He is very nice. I like all my teachers. I like Ashbury. Except detentions. I also hope I come back.

Michael S. Mitchell, Esq. I started the year without a bang. I had some troubles, but the teachers seemed to have straightened me out. I hope to come back next year because I like the school very much. I got a gold on the last colour board, and I hope I will start with a bang next year.

Sean Murray. BLAAH! I'm Sean Murray. See me in picture . . . the smart looking one! I don't mind the school, but if I wanted to write complaints, I'd need a bigger sheet. The sports are very good, especially the hockey. We go on trips (but not our Form, because we are always talking). I think it is a fairly good school!

Bill Roberts. I have had a pretty good year considering my personal feeling. I would not say that everybody has been terribly friendly all through the year. I must admit Ashbury is a good school, but I do not feel I fit in the line of things here. It was a good year except for the kid beside me constantly talking.

Chris Sherwood. My best friend is Hung Bui. He has black hair and is kind of small. I board here. Hung is in my room too. Our favourite pastime is reading comic books. I like it here at Ashbury and I am glad that I am coming back next year. I have been on two hockey teams. Another good friend is Barry Alper.

Robert Tamblyn. Hi! This is my second year at Ashbury. This year I made three teams and got 46 points. I played goalie in hockey, and center in soccer, and catcher in baseball. I like Ashbury and its sports and hope to come back next year. I'm also a boarder and I like it because of the TV. My favourite friends are Alper, Sherwood, Bui II, Kriegler, and Panneton.

Hunter Tootoo. Just call me Toot. My best friends are Alpo canned dog food, and Murray. I must congratulate Mr. Humphreys. He finally broke his record as a bachelor and is getting married. However, I'm glad to say that I'm not coming back next year.

Hugh Wilson. My name is H. R. Wilson. My best friends are Chander, Sony, Myself, Me, and I. My best teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Green, and Mr. Tottenham. This is a very good school except for one thing. At lunch we sometimes have sausages. In my opinion last year the school was a lot better than it was this year. One thing that happened was that we did not have a school trip, and there wasn't one last year either. If you get four words wrong in spelling you get a detention after school. I have to go to lunch now!

Christopher Wirth. I've worked very hard and I'm on my way to an M.L.T.S. I won the Ottawa Humane Society contest for Grade 6. This is my first year at Ashbury, and it has been a good one. My favourite sport is hockey in which I play goalie. My favourite teacher is Mr. Tottenham.



GRADE 5

Jide Afolabi. He is a nice guy. He had a gold on the colour board. He is very good in sports, and tries very hard in school. He gets good marks on his tests, and his favourite teacher is Mr. Tottenham.

Michael Blair. He always tries hard in sports. He comes to school early to play soccer every morning. He has had a good year and he likes most of the boys in Grade 5.

Ronnie Bock. He is a nice guy and got an M.L.T.S. His best sport is soccer and his favourite teacher is Mr. Tottenham. He has enjoyed his first year at Ashbury.

Paul Cardinal. He is a good friend to have. He is very popular. He always works hard in class. He is good in sports. He is a boarder and lives in the Wing.

Michael Chapman. He is a buddy of mine and does O.K. in class. He lives in the East End, and his father is a sailor in North America and Europe. He is a nice boy.

Andrew Evans. He is the funniest boy in our class. At the beginning of the year he got yellows on the colour board, but later on in the year he tried harder, and got golds. His favourite sport is soccer and he does well in it.

David Horwood. David is a boy in Grade 5 at Ashbury. His average is in the 70's. He is of middle height and does well in gym. He has lots of good friends in Grade 5 and is 11 years old.

Steven Kayser. Steven is a pretty nice guy most of the time, although he always has an apple in French class. He is good in most sports and was one of the Hobbits' hockey stars. His favourite teacher is Mr. Gray.

Mike Kellerman. He is a nice guy and was one of the first persons in the class to get a gold. He likes Mrs. Babbitt, and his best sport is karate. He hopes to come back next year. He is the best in the class in French.

Robert Leroux. He is a nice guy even though he has strength, but doesn't hurt anybody. He has a good appetite, and a good average in school. He knows almost every person in the school and I like him. His favourite sport is soccer. As a goalie it seems as though he has horseshoes up his sleeves.

David Moonjé. He is a small guy, the smallest in the school. He is a hard working person and got an M.L.T.S. He had a good year in Grade 5, and I truly think that he will always remember this year with lots of pleasure.

Alex Nipperdey. He is a quiet kid in class. He got a few golds, even though he came late into the school. He tries at games, but doesn't yet know them. Alex works hard in class. It was nice to have him join the class.

George Pitsieoulis. He was the best writer in Grade 5. George (Whiffer) likes sports and played hockey very well. He always worked hard in class and was very quiet. I hope George comes back next year to Ashbury.

Todd Sellers. He is a very nice and smart person. He got an M.L.T.S. and got golds on the colour board all year. He is friendly to everybody. Todd took part in all sports and always tried hard.

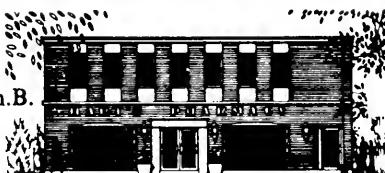
Tom Shewchuk. He is a nice guy. He is good at science and is a very good athlete. He could have had more golds if he had tried harder. He is a real handyman, and knows almost all about everything, except what's going on. All in all he had a good year and I hope to see him back next year.

Victor Tootoo. Tootoo-two is a pretty nice kid. He got two golds this year. He is a pretty fast runner. He was a boarder, and his favourite teacher is Mr. Gray. I hope he comes back next year.

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